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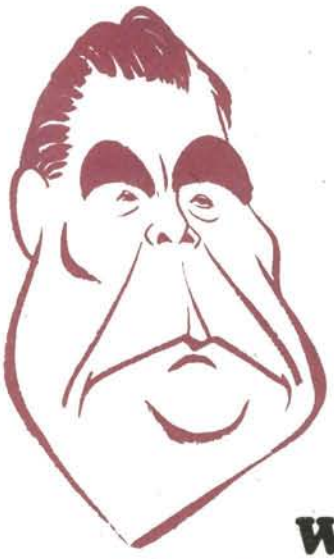

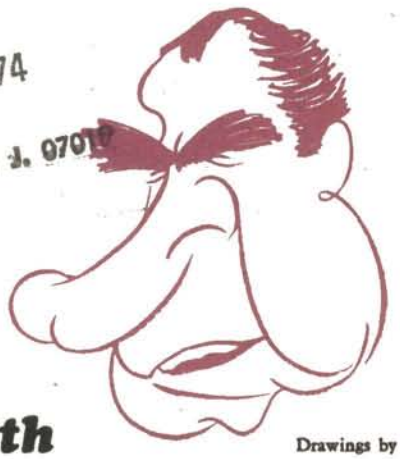

Drawings by Pierotti

Desmond Smith

WHAT PRICE SUPERPEACE?

A BEAR AND AN EAGLE GO TO MARKET

Athan G. Theoharis

ILLEGAL SURVEILLANCE

WILL CONGRESS STOP THE SNOOPING?

CONTINUITIES IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

M.L. Rosenthal

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LETTERS

nightmare come home

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: With all due deference to a major article ["Veterans of the Wrong War: The Vertigo of Homecoming" by Caryl Rivers in *The Nation* of Dec. 17] which has as its preface one of my poems, "The Longest War" for its other principal veterans—40 million Indochinese—still continues in deadly reality. Upward of 50,000 Vietnamese alone have reportedly died since last Christmas—since Henry Kissinger's "peace." What is now a private nightmare for America's Indochina war veterans—undeniably suffered too much alone—is still a public horror for the peoples whose homes, lands and lives we veterans shattered over these past dozen years. And it is we the American public who still fuel with our taxes and our silence the Saigon and Phnom Penh goals of this war.

Caryl Rivers' compassion for the "veterans of the wrong war," now adrift at home, suffers, I fear, from precisely our national obsession for blindly separating effect from cause. A nation which could so callously destroy several other peoples' cultures—starting with the original natives of America—surely cannot be expected to care for its own. Our nightmare as "Vietnam veterans" is that official America's hatred of common humanity, and contempt for the struggle to survive—with dignity—or even its own war-ruined sons, has come hard home. . . . *Jan Barry*

remembering Hammett

New York City

DEAR SIRS: E.E. Spitzer wrote a most charming, mostly accurate piece about Samuel Dashiell Hammett in your issue of January 5 ["A Remembrance: With Corporal Hammett on Adak"]. I wish to thank him for it. But there are a few inaccuracies which, in these days of Ph.D. theses, should be corrected.

Mr. Spitzer says, in describing Hammett's drinking bouts, that he was "loud . . . boisterous" and that the "gamut" included "weeping." It included much, but it never included loudness—as a matter of fact, one could often not hear Hammett when he was drunk—and neither Mr. Spitzer nor anybody else ever saw him weep.

Mr. Spitzer says, and then in his last sentence denies, that he felt guilty because it was he who asked Hammett to join the Civil Rights Congress whose troubles sent Hammett to jail. He does not need to feel guilty: guilt, in this case, as in so many others, would be a kind of vanity. Hammett was careless, often, but he never did what he didn't believe in. He knew little about the Civil Rights Congress and could have said so in court if he had wanted to.

But what I most want to correct is "they let Sam out of jail . . . and I heard he went back to drinking." He had not had a drink for three years *before* he went to jail and except for two martinis in the last week of his life, and those at my insistence, he was never to drink again. Nor could he ever have said to Mr. Spitzer's wife, years later, that he thought she should have written to him in jail: he knew that nobody except blood relatives could write or visit the jail. I wrote four times a week and, in his entire stay in jail, only two of my letters were ever given to him. Nor did the warden, after six requests, ever return my letters. I hope—I do not know—that this aimless and cruel prison rule has been changed but, in any case, what is liberalized with the left hand in our prison system is frequently made worse with extra knuckles for the right hand. *Lillian Hellman*

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I thank Lillian Hellman for saying my piece about Dashiell Hammett was "most charming, mostly accu-

(Continued on page 148)

EDITORIALS

Animals in the Forest

Congress is back in session, and presumably each member has "sounded out" his district's sentiment on impeachment. Since the disastrous Operation Candor was launched on November 7, a grotesquely unreal atmosphere has prevailed. The President was holed up for three weeks in Casa Pacifica with Ronald Ziegler, Alexander Haig, Rose Mary Woods, Bebe Rebozo, Mrs. Nixon and Tricia Cox. No word emerged. The man was working hard; he was thinking; he was incommunicado. But he was doubtless listening. For, like Congress, he suffers from the illusion that the public will decide what Congress does not want to decide, namely, whether he should be impeached.

With rare exceptions, members of Congress would like to be excused from making up their minds about impeachment; however the issue is resolved, it means loss of some votes. Nor can anyone predict with accuracy what impact "the energy crisis" and "inflation" will have, come November. The President knows this; he is relying on the timidity of the Congress and the flabbiness of the Democratic leadership. But the public will *not* make the decision; there is no way it can. Popular pressure might force the President's resignation, but Congress, not the public, will vote on impeachment. Nixon counts on most of the Dixiecrats and diehard Republican loyalists; he cannot expect help from the liberal Republicans or the old-line honest conservatives of his party. Nor can he rely on the liberal and moderate Democrats.

As Congress returned to Washington, the press was trying to assess the public's mood; it is a favorite journalistic pastime. A large majority does not believe or trust the President and thinks him guilty of one or more of the charges; but a sizable minority fears the disruptive consequences of impeachment. This sentiment is most complex. It is based not merely on the fear that impeachment might have grave international repercussions but that it would reflect on the national honor; it would, somehow, be unpatriotic. Then, too, this apprehension is said to be colored by a guilty awareness, shared by many, that their private and social ethics are not all that different from the President's. This so-called "complicity" theory must be taken with a grain of salt, if only because these same elements of the public might want Nixon impeached as a means of lifting their burden of guilt. Regionally, there are variations in sentiment; the South is by and large pro-Nixon; it likes his views on racial issues and the way in which he has showered the South with defense contracts.

But now this unreal mood has been jarred; the realities are returning. Those "animals in the forest" that Senator Baker could hear but not see have begun to emerge. The report of the panel of experts on the tapes is devastating to the President's position. The panel cannot be charged with bias; half were selected or approved by his counsel, half by the prosecution. What they found is what most reporters covering the case expected; the eighteen-and-a-half-minute gap could not have been created in the way Rose Mary Woods testified. The Presi-

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dent is directly responsible for the tapes; he took them into custody to protect them. Two, perhaps three, individuals know who it was that erased this portion of the tape and how and when it was done—the President, Miss Woods and, perhaps, H.R. Haldeman. The erasure was a criminal act, no doubt of that.

Another animal in the forest is the hard-to-believe memo of Frederic V. Malek to H.R. Haldeman about a secret plan to allocate federal grants in a manner calculated to influence the 1972 election. Malek does not deny such a plan existed. The memo is one of the most cynical that has emerged to date. Malek was only concerned that details of the plan should not leak and that the President should be dissociated from it. This so-called "responsiveness program" might best be described as raw political power—White House power—to distort programs Congress had approved for partisan advantage, deliberately, systematically and comprehensively. Malek boasted that perhaps $700 million might be switched around in ways that would help Nixon, granting funds to favored groups, denying them to groups that opposed the President. An Administration that would keep the author of this memo in office one second after its authenticity had been confirmed is an Administration that deserves to forfeit public confidence.

Other "animals" out there in the forest are getting closer and closer to the White House. Perhaps Senator Baker can see some of them now as well as hear them. He had better keep a sharp eye on them because he, too, will be tested should the impeachment issue reach the Senate.

One of these animals is the new flock of indictments, expected any day now. Another is the IRS assessment for unpaid and unreported federal taxes. Another is the likely assessment by California tax authorities for unpaid and unreported state income taxes over a period of four years. Still another is the weird Kissinger-Moorer behind-the-scenes stiletto infighting, with all that it implies about "national security" and "leaks." Still others are the fauna of Paradise Island in the Bahamas, exhaustively scouted by *The New York Times* of January 21. These fearsome beasts approaching through the forest account for the President's pallor. He will keep up the bluff as long as he can—he just might trigger another alert or start bombing in Vietnam as a diversion—but he can't keep the animals at a safe distance.

Trouble in the Executive Suites

Top executives of eight U.S. corporations pleaded guilty in 1973 to making illegal corporate contributions to the insatiable Nixon campaign fund of 1972. None of the contrite executives went to jail; fines of the order of $5,000 or less were imposed. But this mild punishment may not be the end of the matter. For some of the tycoons, it may be only the beginning.

The Wall Street Journal lists the corporations involved: American Airlines; Braniff Airways; Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co.; Gulf Oil Corp.; Carnation Co.; Phillips Petroleum Co.; a subsidiary of Ashland Oil Inc., and Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Proceedings have been initiated against American Airlines, Braniff, Minnesota

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and Gulf by the Public Citizens Litigation Group, a Ralph Nader operation headed by Alan B. Morrison, a Washington lawyer. These companies have been served with shareholder demands that executives personally pay the fines imposed on the companies, that they be debarred from charging court costs on their expense accounts, that they refund to the companies interest on the illegal contributions while these were in the possession of the Nixon organizations, that the officers be deprived of their salaries for the time when they were engaged in illegal activities, that they pay intra-company fines, etc.

None of these matters is yet in formal litigation. Federal law requires that corporations be given a chance to respond to "derivative actions" brought by shareholders before the latter can go into court. The companies, that is, can negotiate out-of-court settlements.

It is an embarrassing situation for the companies. American Airlines has appointed a special committee of directors which was scheduled to report to the board on January 16. Minnesota has hired a law firm to advise the board on what action to take at a meeting scheduled for February 11. Braniff will consider its stand at a meeting scheduled for January 30.

Conditions vary widely in the upper reaches of the corporate world. In some companies no one has a chance for appointment to the board unless he is approved by the "inside" directors, who are also officers; or a single powerful officer may have veto power. In the instant cases there is no way of knowing, at this point, whether the directors tacitly approved the illegal actions of the officers.

Shareholders with small holdings normally have no power in the running of "their" companies except to get up at the annual meeting and voice their dissatisfactions. This situation emphasizes once again the importance of the class action lawsuit, which naturally is unpopular in the business world. In the present instances the shareholders have particular leverage, because illegality by the insiders is involved. The outcome in every one of these cases should be under media scrutiny. If the press does its job, derivative actions may provide a kind of Magna Carta for shareholders.

The Solzhenitsyn Catalyst

A little noted, but significant, factor in the growing Western pressure on the Soviet Union to keep hands off Solzhenitsyn is the criticism of Western Communist parties. Several have made known their strong disagreement with Soviet handling of dissidents generally, and of Solzhenitsyn in particular. During the January 12th weekend, representatives of the Italian, French, Spanish and Swiss parties let Moscow know that they objected to the ban on publication of the Nobel author's works in the USSR. Unlike non-Communist protesters, however, they did not embrace him uncritically; they insisted on his right of publication, though they characterized him as a reactionary.

Since Moscow is currently engaged in a major drive to gain international backing for a new world Communist gathering as part of its campaign to isolate Peking, the views of such influential parties as the Italian and French may explain in part why more drastic action has not been taken against Solzhenitsyn to date.

Western Communist leaders are moved to protest Soviet persecution of dissidents for pragmatic as well as moral reasons. The once powerful support they received from intellectuals in their own countries threatens to be further reduced by the intense international reaction to this persecution, unless these parties emphatically divorce themselves from Moscow in this matter. Thus, a side effect of the international movement in defense of Solzhenitsyn may well be the stimulation of moves toward independence in Western Communist parties.

None of the European parties has gone as far in condemning Soviet authoritarian practices as has the Australian, which refers to the USSR and other East European countries as "Socialist-based," on the ground that, while their economies have been socialized, they lack the democratic, humanist values of a true Socialist society (*The Nation*, January 8, 1973). When Australian and Soviet party leaders met recently to discuss differences, the Soviet leaders' conditions for peaceful inter-party coexistence included retraction of the "Socialist-based" characterization, muffling of criticism of Soviet society generally and full endorsement of Soviet foreign policy. The Australian party's national committee bluntly characterized the posing of these conditions as incompatible with the principles governing proper fraternal relations among Communist parties, and reaffirmed its critique of Soviet society as currently lacking even the prospect for developing a "complete human liberation, economic, social, spiritual" which is the "essence of socialism"—as National Secretary Laurie Aarons put it in his report on the discussion with the Soviet leaders.

While the Australian party is relatively small (though the strongest in any English-speaking country), it confronts the Soviet leaders with the likelihood that continued tension between their repressive practices and the Socialist ideal will compel other parties to take similar positions, if they are to retain credibility in their own lands.

MAX GORDON

The Good Life in Panama

The Southern Command guards the Canal Zone and seven golf courses, six riding clubs, four beaches, fourteen swimming pools, four yacht clubs, five bowling alleys, nine craft shops, two roller-skating rinks, six gymnasiums and "countless" tennis courts, many of them lighted for night play. These figures were compiled by Richard J. Levine of *The Wall Street Journal*, who went to Panama for that express purpose, but lost count when it came to the tennis courts. There are also two 45-foot fishing boats for the use of the corps of officers, headed by no fewer than ten generals and two admirals. The Navy has no combat ships in the Canal Zone.

The top general is William B. Rosson, with four stars, the same number General Marshall had at the beginning of American participation in World War II. "I wouldn't argue [with the view] that we are somewhat heavy in general and flag officers," General Rosson says. "But the nature of the Command is such as to place uncommon

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requirements on us for senior personnel in selected positions." Since one of the Command's principal responsibilities is liaison with Latin American dignitaries, both military and civilian, a resplendent display of insignia of rank is a diplomatic necessity. But some U.S. officials, including members of Congress, do not follow this reasoning. They point out that Omar Torrijos, the Panamanian dictator, is only a brigadier general, and may not be pleased with his humble military status when riding or yachting with the Americans.

The feeling among the Americans in Panama varies. Levine quotes an Army colonel: "There's nothing like it in the world. A party every night and never a wait on the golf course." An ensign, on the other hand, complains, "We're just a skeleton force; it makes you feel so useless." Some of the senior officers are similarly depressed. One suggests that the only reason the Navy has a headquarters in the Canal Zone is that the place is surrounded by water. Rear Admiral Eugene LaRocque (USN, Ret.), describes a tour of duty in the Southern Command as "a two-year vacation."

Quarry Heights is the place to live. There, before the turn of the century, the French built big, elegant residences with 40-foot living rooms, polished hardwood floors, four or five bedrooms, maids' rooms and walk-in closets. One officer with whom Levine talked estimated that it costs the government several thousand dollars a year to maintain a big residence on Quarry Heights. The American presence is not there to protect the Canal from the natives, since the worst thing that could happen to Panama would be serious damage to the locks or other equipment. The Panamanians don't riot against the Canal; they riot against the Americans. (See "The Canal Zone: Last Ditch of Colonialism" by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*, August 21, 1972.) General Torrijos would have nothing to beef about if the Americans went home. About all that would happen is that the Latin American officers who receive training there would have to come to the States for it. Another mission in which the U.S. generals and colonels are helpful is selling arms to Latin America, but civilian arms salesmen take care of most of that. The Army's fighting force in the Zone consists of a 2,800-man infantry brigade, for which the Air Force provides air cover with thirty-one planes. From a combat standpoint the whole situation is ridiculous—and expensive. If anyone arrives in Panama bent on blowing up vital Canal installations, the U.S. Army is unlikely to spot him. "I can't see any reason for the Southern Command," an experienced military analyst sums it up. So why not get it out of there? Or has the Army become a kind of military Grossinger's?

'The Truth About Kent State'

There must be upward of 5 million Americans now alive who have served in the armed forces in recent years. Each of them, in whatever capacity he served and in whatever branch—Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force, Coast Guard, or unit of the National Guard—has had to master close-order drill and the manual of arms. And each of them is supposed to have received training in what is called "riot control."

Typically, riot-control instruction is given to units of platoon size, and the drill is absolutely standard. The platoon, carrying rifles, is ordered to fall in, in a wedge formation, and fix bayonets. Each man locks the stock of his rifle under his right arm, and his extended left hand fixes the rifle barrel, armed with its bayonet, so that it points straight ahead. A human wedge weighing several tons, with a long knife at its apex and similar long knives pointing forward from its slanting flanks, the platoon in motion is an animate weapon that cannot be withstood by anything short of firearms. Ammunition is never issued for riot-control drill. With good reason: the armed forces assume that civilian rioters will not be bearing firearms; the authors of the relevant field manuals have implicit confidence in the efficacy of a phalanx tipped with sharp steel.

Accordingly, it is patent to any ex-serviceman that what happened at Kent State was necessarily the result of official miscalculation, or provocation, or outright conspiracy or all three on the part of some members of the Ohio National Guard. What it could not possibly have been is what has been claimed—the reaction of Guardsmen to deadly force on the part of Kent State students. The fact that the four youngsters killed were felled at distances ranging from 85 to 130 yards from the Guardsmen's skirmish line is conclusive on that point. Why did General Canterbury, in command of the detachment, instruct his men to load with ball cartridge in the first place? Moreover, obedience is the soldier's prime virtue: if, as has been asserted repeatedly by spokesmen for the Guard, no officer gave an order to fire, why has no Guardsman been disciplined for discharging his weapon without authorization?

Answers to these questions—and to others of even greater moment, including that of Attorney General Mitchell's refusal three years ago to convene a federal grand jury charged with investigating the killings and maimings at Kent State—may soon be forthcoming. A grand jury has now been empaneled in Cleveland, in keeping with a pledge made by Attorney General Richardson, and despite the distaste expressed by Attorney General Saxbe (a former officer of one of the units involved in the shootings, the 107th Armored Cavalry).

If a thorough official investigation is to be made at last, much of the credit must go to Peter Davies, author of *The Truth About Kent State*. Mr. Davies, who was born in England, takes the ideals of his adopted country so seriously that he has devoted his time and personal resources to his own investigation of the Kent State tragedy since its occurrence. He has leagued himself with the parents of the dead students, with members of the press, and with a handful of conscientious Senators and Representatives to keep the issue alive despite the whitewash of the Guard's actions by an Ohio grand jury and the long slumber of the Justice Department.

Mr. Davies' book assembles photographs, documents (such as the FBI's official statement that the Guardsmen were in no danger when they fired at the students) and his own informed reportage. His account has already stirred speculation that the happenings at Kent State originated in the White House—as part of a campaign to suppress such movements as the student protests

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against the invasion of Cambodia. If that last issue is outside the purview of the grand jury in Cleveland, it would be a proper one for a Congressional committee to look into. Equally damaging allegations against the Administration, of a kind that most citizens would have dismissed as fantasy a year ago, have since been substantiated.

Lewis Strauss

Rear Adm. Lewis L. Strauss died on January 21 at his farm in Virginia. An original member of the Atomic Energy Commission, he was named its chairman by Eisenhower and served as such from 1953 to 1958. He was an early supporter of escalating U.S. nuclear capability, a dedicated cold warrior and a strong advocate of the development of the hydrogen bomb. He made a large fortune on Wall Street, and politically was a bristling conservative. He was accused of playing a role in the rejection of J. Robert Oppenheimer by a loyalty-security hearing in 1954. His positions were consistent and he never wavered from them.

One aspect of his career, however, seems not to have attracted the attention it deserves. Strauss was the author of the Strauss-Eisenhower Plan, an imaginative proposal for a huge nuclear-powered facility for the desalinization of water in the eastern Mediterranean. The plan called for a series of plants in Israel and the adjacent Arab countries as well, which would have been capable of producing enough fresh water in the area to make the desert bloom.

The plan originated in the 1960s, was introduced in the Senate (by Howard Baker of Tennessee) in 1967 and approved in a sense-of-the-Senate resolution. Congress approved a $20 million grant. The Israeli Government approved the plan. So did President Anwar Sadat of Egypt, "after peace comes."

But the $20 million was never spent. The desert remains sterile, watered only by the blood and oil of recurring war. It is of course impossible to say whether —if the Strauss plan had been acted on promptly after its introduction—the sorry recent history of the Middle East might have taken another turn. One thing is certain, however: it was an idea which embraced the common interests, on the most basic level, of Jew and Arab. It might have made a difference.

It still might do so, if the current talks can produce a definition of "peace" acceptable to both sides, and if an American administration—from which the money and technology must come—has the imagination and intelligence to activate it. And to a wealthy, conservative cold warrior named Lewis Strauss should go the credit.

HOW THE COUNTRY WORKS

DAVID HOLWERK

Lexington, Ky.

Readers of *The Nation* will remember Albert Gore as the capable and progressive U.S. Senator from Tennessee. They may also remember him as the victim of a Nixon Administration smear campaign which led to his defeat in the 1970 elections. Since then, Gore has gone on to become chairman of the board of the Island Creek Coal Co. and a vice president of Occidental Petroleum, Island Creek's parent corporation.

The book on Gore is that he was something of a Populist in the Senate. According to David Halberstam, who has watched Gore over the years, "He hates and fears large concentrations of money, be it in business, people or foundations." Well, Island Creek is the third largest coal company in the nation, and both it and Occidental Petroleum presumably stand to make a bundle off the current situation in the fuel market. Gore is, in short, at the head of one of those large concentrations of money he reportedly hates and fears, and so I stopped by Island Creek's office in Lexington the other day to see how he was bearing up in the situation.

As it turned out, he is enduring the strains of private life extremely well. At 65, he still looks and acts just as a Senator should look and act. Words flow from him like sugar water. His hair, though perhaps a bit thinner, is still a glistening silver, swept back in practiced elegance. If the coal business ever peters out, Gore could probably find employment in the movie industry teaching actors how to portray Senators.

"Of course I miss the Senate occasionally," Gore said. We were alone in his office, and I was, I admit, a bit entranced by his voice, his hair, his charm. "But only if I allow myself to take the time. That's very rarely, for I'm terribly busy these days." Three days a week in Lexington, two in Washington or New York, one in the Occidental offices in Los Angeles, weekends on the farm in Tennessee: his schedule doesn't leave him much time for regret, he said. He had served a full and useful life in the Senate and he could look back proudly on his tenure there, on the things he had accomplished. He had, he reminded me, been a co-author of the Interstate Highway Act, had supported TVA and the Atomic Energy Commission, and written a couple of books. He had had his share and more in the life of public service, and now was grateful to be in a situation to do something about the energy crisis.

"I can really do more here about this energy situation than if I were a Senator," he said. He lowered his voice to a needlessly confidential whisper. "Perhaps more than six Senators I could name."

Just what could he do? Increase production of coal, he said. Support research and technological improvements in his industry. Help turn this nation from an oil-fueled economy into an electricity-fueled economy. And as quickly as possible, he continued, for the energy crisis could have disastrous effects on the economy. He was warming to the subject by this time, the old oratorical flair coming back.

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"We need effective governmental controls, and I emphasize the word *effective*," he said, jabbing a finger at me. "If we raise the price of gasoline to $1 a gallon it will make precious little difference in the supply of gas available. The man making $50,000 a year won't notice it, but the guy earning $10,000 a year and commuting to work may not be able to pay it."

He stopped rather abruptly and looked out the window. I waited for him to go on but the silence continued. Well, yes, I said after a minute or two, that's true. But did he, perhaps, occasionally feel a bit of tension between his former position and reputation in the Senate and his current position in the energy industry? "When I was in the Senate," he said, still looking out the window, "I always thought it my duty to represent the people who least knew of their need for representation. The young, the poor, the disadvantaged, these were the people I thought most of. It's a habit that carries over."

He turned away from the window and smiled at me. "But I'm no longer a Senator. Now I'm a businessman. And as a businessman my obligation is to help my company make profits. And that's just what I'm going to do. That's the way this country works, you know."

David Holwerk is a senior research fellow at Tolson Institute, Lexington.

WHAT PRICE SUPERPEACE?

A Bear and an Eagle Go to Market

DESMOND SMITH

Not long ago *The New York Times* printed a picture that would have been hardly conceivable a few years ago. It showed the Soviet Ambassador to the United States enjoying lunch with two smiling American tycoons—Charles McCoy, head of E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., and Donald M. Kendall, head of Pepsico. Not since the Lenin years has there been such a love affair between capitalism and communism. But there is more to this *mariage de convergence* than meets the public eye.

Behind the Nixon-Brezhnev détente is a Metternichian compact between the two superpowers that links trade to balance-of-power politics and coexistence to a new conservative world order, and in the process raises disturbing questions about the "convergence." What are the implications of this new policy, an accord described by Secretary of State Kissinger as satisfying "mutual vested interests"?

Trade with the Soviet Union is rapidly becoming a major objective of U.S. industry. The banks have already pre-positioned themselves; in the business press, a Bankers Trust advertisement shows a hammer and sickle with a dollar sign replacing the sickle. Elsewhere, Bank of America advises, "Now we have a man in Moscow to help you reach the Soviet Union." The ad goes on to tell businessmen that "it's now almost as easy to deal with Moscow, Russia, as it is with Moscow, Idaho."

Such ads promote the Nixon Administration's line that businessmen have a good thing going for them in the USSR. It certainly is true that there is plenty of business to be had there. The Soviets are hungry for the kind of high technology and management know-how that we possess in abundance. Consider, for example, the giant Kama River truck complex in the Tartar Republic—when completed it will be one and a half times the size of Ford's biggest truck plant; a project worth more than $1 billion in equipment and buildings. Apart from the Ford Motor Company, which is lending engineers and technical expertise, the Swindell-Dressler firm of Pittsburgh has a $300 million contract to design the foundry, and dozens of American firms are going after other parts of the contract. In Siberia, Tenneco, Texas Eastern Transmission and Brown & Root are involved in the prodigious North Star natural gas project. If completed, this $8.5 billion enterprise will pipe gas from Siberia to an Arctic port, whence it will be shipped in liquefied form to the East Coast of America.

Lummus, one of the world's largest builders of petrochemical plants, in conjunction with Monsanto, recently signed a $100 million deal to build a petrochemical plant in Russia—the first outright purchase of a complete plant from the United States in many years. Cooper Industries, a Houston-based supplier of heavy machinery, has signed a ten-year agreement to provide gas transmission equipment, a deal that is expected to produce $18 million in revenue for the firm.

Pepsico Inc., thanks to a good word put in by its former legal counsel, Richard Nixon, is already selling Pepsi-Cola in the Soviet Union. The terms of the arrangement shut out Coca-Cola for the next ten years. Says Pepsico's chairman, Donald Kendall: "I am convinced that, given time, Russia will become one of the great soft drink markets of the world." (One wonders how Curtis Le May might react to that particular thought.)

In April 1973, Armand Hammer's Occidental Petroleum signed the largest commercial agreement in the history of Soviet-American trade; it is worth more than $3 billion. Singer, which before the Russian Revolution had more than a thousand outlets that sold and serviced sewing machines in Czarist Russia, is exploring a possible comeback in the Russian marketplace. Holiday Inns, which advertises itself as "The Nation's Innkeeper," would love to become the Soviet Union's innkeeper as well. Holiday Inns sent Sargent Shriver to Moscow to negotiate on its behalf.

A motel chain should do well. Nowadays there is scarcely a bed to be found in Moscow's overcrowded

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hotels, as American businessmen scramble to get a piece of the action. Some of the more prominent contenders: Hewlett Packard, Litton Industries, Gulf & Western, the Ford Motor Company, General Electric, Caterpillar Tractor, Atlas Fabricators, International Harvester, El Paso Natural Gas, Control Data and IBM.

Big business is wholly behind—indeed may well be guiding—the Administration's bid for Russian trade. To grasp the extent of the involvement one need only glance at the International Monetary Fund's Direction of Trade statistics. Until 1971, U.S. exports to the Soviet Union amounted to less than $100 million a year. In that year exports climbed to $160 million, and in 1972 made an incredible triple jump to $550 million. Only West Germany, with exports of $712 million, outpaced the United States. According to the U.S. Department of Commerce, American exports in 1973 probably doubled those of 1972, a gain that would, for the first time, make the United States the largest non-Communist exporter to the Soviet Union.

What is not widely understood is that much, if not the major part, of this expansion of trade will be at the expense of the American taxpayer. The reason is simple: American bankers, for all their Moscow-oriented trade talk, like to have their collateral where they can readily repossess it. A pipe line in Siberia or a factory in Omsk is not exactly in that category. Peter Peterson, who when he was Secretary of Commerce negotiated the new trade pact with the Soviet Union, has declared: "Our talks with private financial sources in this country indicate that they are reluctant to make capital commitments on this scale in the Soviet Union."

Whether it is Continental Grain or Tenneco, chances are good that the deal that makes the headlines in the press will have been largely financed with a generous loan from the Export-Import Bank of the United States. In this kind of transaction neither the U.S. business firm nor the USSR stands to lose a penny. Without taking a dime of risk they jointly pocket 100 per cent of the profits. This kind of trading arrangement would be hard to duplicate at the ordinary man-in-the-street level.

If it could be, a similar arrangement might find you buying a farm from your neighbor. He would take a loan from the government so that you could "buy" the farm. In turn, you would take possession of the farm, repaying the government after a grace period of five years out of the profit from the land. Total dollar cost to you—nothing. Meanwhile, your neighbor also makes a guaranteed profit: only Uncle Sam takes the risk by lending the capital in the first instance. And Uncle Sam is the taxpayer in a fancy frock coat.

Government-subsidized capitalism, which leaves the financing up to the government and the actual sales to private enterprise, was behind the massive and incredibly stupid grain sale of last year. Three major grain dealers, Continental, Bunge Corporation, and Cargill, made the arrangements with Exportkhleb, the Soviet trading organization. The results were almost disastrous: a cost to U.S. taxpayers of $300 million in subsidy payments, an increase in the price of bread and of meat, and a transportation foul-up of monumental proportions in moving the grain to various ports.

It is doubtful that more than a handful of the people surrounding President Nixon knew what was going on when the wheat deal was consummated. Closed-mouthed even before Watergate, the Administration has carried out its politics of convergence in the atmosphere of obsessive secrecy. It is now almost a joke in the trade how the Soviet Union entered the American market in 1972 and bought hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat at fire-sale prices. Contrary to popular opinion, few U.S. wheat farmers benefited from the huge Russian purchases; they had already sold their crops before word of the Russian sale was announced. Yet it has been alleged (and not rebutted by the White House) that the CIA had provided excellent intelligence reports describing the full extent of the frost and drought that had destroyed vast areas of Russian grain. If the White House tapes, or what remains of them, are ever made public, it will be interesting to hear the inside story of how both the American farmer and the American consumer were made the fall guys in this artful deal.

Other joint Soviet-American projects are in the works, and Brezhnev, in speaking about them, has told us to think in "large and unconventional terms." In coming months, the Administration will use the energy "crisis" to launch a number of multibillion-dollar oil deals with the Soviets. What will be hidden from the public will be the financing for such projects. Given the tempo of U.S.-USSR trade, the Export-Import Bank is fast running out of cash. It has a total credit exposure of around $16 billion, and the largest loan at the present time to any single country is about $1.3 billion. Private U.S. banks have made it clear that they are not prepared to step into the breach. So by one means or another, the American taxpayer will have to finance such deals.

Oil, we are told, is Russia's ace in the hole. The Soviets boast that Siberia very nearly floats on top of its oil reserves. But, as a close reading of the current Five Year Plan reveals, the Soviet Union's own oil needs are enormous—and growing. There has been a vast expansion of rail traffic since the railroads went over to diesel fuel in the 1960s; the merchant marine and the Soviet Navy are rapidly expanding, and so too is airline transportation. When completed, the Kama River truck factory will be producing 150,000 vehicles annually, and with the giant Togliatti auto plant opening soon, it is estimated that Soviet auto production will be a million autos a year by 1975. To compound the Soviet planners' woes, oil is Russia's single biggest source of foreign exchange. Last year crude oil exports to the West and to the Communist bloc came to 107 million tons, compared to 33 million tons in 1960.

Thus the Soviet Union is caught in a squeeze. By 1980 its domestic demand will be about 500 million tons, while its output—by its own rosiest estimates—will be some 611 million tons. That would leave only about 110 million tons for export. Until quite recently the response to the question—how are Russians going to pay for American exports?—has been oil. We may have to think again. Marshall Goldman, professor of economics at Wellesley College, noted in a recent *Harvard Business Review* that in

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Now, Sammy the Baker had oodles of grain,
Till he sold it abroad for capital gain...
WHEAT $HORTAGE $PECIAL
Thus, sing for your supper, you pitiful oaf,
To the tune of about a dollar a loaf!
CHUCK MACNELLY
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1972 the USSR hard-currency deficit was almost $1 billion; he estimates that by 1980 there could be a cumulative Soviet trade deficit with the hard-currency bloc of $6 billion to $7 billion.

It looks, then, as though the politics of convergence may well be subsidized by the American taxpayer. If that turns out to be the case, what then are the benefits?

The short answer, of course, is peace in our time. The long-range implications compel two further questions. What kind of peace? What kind of price? Already the bare bones of the Moscow agreements are visible. In spite of Dr. Kissinger's denial, it is fairly clear now that Mr. Nixon bought "peace with honor" in Vietnam by a trade-off in Moscow—increased U.S. trade, coupled with generous credit terms. The incredible grain deal was part of the down payment.

To say that the American public was unprepared for the Moscow agreements is one of the great understatements of all time. Few members of the national press, I.F. Stone being the outstanding exception, have read the protocols, let alone written about them. As a result, the Administration has felt free to preen itself over the "benefits" of the Nixon-Brezhnev détente. Shortly after the summit meeting in Moscow, Nixon ordered a special meeting of the Domestic Council "to discuss the impact of the agreements reached with the USSR." Mr. Ehrlichman announced in a press briefing that, among other benefits, the Soviet-U.S. Space Agreement for joint docking and rescue would create more than 4,000 jobs in California.

What has not yet provoked discussion are the negative factors. What if the politics of convergence bring together not only NASA and the Soviet space agency but also the KGB and the CIA and FBI? Had there been no Watergate, it is by no means far-fetched to imagine a "mutuality of vested interests" in that sphere. When, at the President's request, the National Commander of the American Legion visits his counterpart in the Soviet Union, can the head of the FBI be far behind? Political dissidence is anathema to both Nixon and Brezhnev. In this respect, Daniel Ellsberg and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn have been victims of the same repressive techniques. And while Miss Jane Fonda accuses the Nixon Administration of instituting political surveillance against her (including the monitoring of her bank accounts at the First National City Bank), in Moscow Andrei Sakharov accuses his government of interdicting his private mail and harassing his family.

It would be interesting to scratch deeper beneath the surface of the last three years of the Nixon Administration and compare them with the same period in the Soviet Union. Instances of convergence are much in evidence:

¶The show trials of Soviet dissidents—General Grigorenko, Andrei Amalrik, Yakir, Guinzberg and others—have been paralleled by the dozens of show trials in the United States of such political dissidents as the Chicago 7, the Berrigan brothers, the Catonsville 9, et al.

¶Rigid party control over management and free discussion in the USSR had its analogue in the Nixon-Haldeman-Ehrlichman White House which at the height of its powers in early 1972 had largely by-passed Congress.

¶The attacks on the media led by Agnew but orchestrated within the White House can be bracketed with the KGB's brutal suppression of such *samizdat* publications as *The Chronicle of Human Events* and the *Ukrainian Herald*. Both "underground" newspapers were extinguished by 1972.

¶The Supreme Court decision on obscenity and the police actions that followed against motion picture theatres, bookstores and libraries, was paralleled in the East by the closing of strip-joints in Budapest, and a Communist Party-led crusade against "loose morals and shiftlessness" throughout the Soviet Union.

¶The coordinated attempt, led by FBI Director Hoover and Attorney General Mitchell, to smash the New Left by subversion, wiretap, harassment and trial was mirrored by the KGB's attacks, under hard-liner Yuri Andropov, on Jewish and other religious groups in the Soviet Union.

The key to understanding the Moscow agreements will be found in the fundamental accord between Moscow and Washington on a new world order. The diplomacy of the cold-war era did not work. It deflected the attention of both the United States and the Soviet Union outward—with resulting urban unrest at home. For both great powers, the post-World War II era brought only crisis management—Vietnam for the United States; the Middle East for the Soviet Union. Neither country is capable of understanding the mentality of the Third World. Like rejected fathers, both the Soviet Union and the United

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States are tired of ungrateful allies that have drained their pockets without a word of thanks.

Thus the idea of détente was born. Each political system will observe a cease-fire in place, leaving its ideological structure undisturbed. As part of the deal making, Nixon got his "peace with honor" in Vietnam. In return, the Soviets got a promise of trade on generous credit terms. It is becoming abundantly clear that the Russians intend to keep us to the costly bargain.

At the recent National Foreign Trade Convention, the Soviet Ambassador stressed that his country wanted the détente with the United States, but he observed that among the essentials of such a relationship were new trading and economic links. "It's a two-way process," he noted.

What the Russians now demand is most-favored-nation status. Put simply, a country given that status has a guarantee that the United States will give no other country a better deal. (At the moment, it costs Russia fourteen times as much to export vodka to the United States as it does Denmark, which has most-favored-nation status, to send in akvavit.)

The biggest obstacle to MFN status is the Jackson Amendment, which would withhold this privilege as long as the Soviet Union denies the right of free emigration to all its citizens. Senator Jackson's libertarian point of view, backed up by his friends in the military-industrial complex, puts him squarely at odds with the new White House-Wall Street alliance. The Nixon-Brezhnev détente, if it holds, will usher in a fabulous era of government-subsidized trade with the USSR. It will provide for Nixon what the space program provided for the Kennedy administration—full order books. The rapprochement with the Soviet Union will also enable the President to make an end run around the increasingly tough and hostile European Common Market. Who needs Pompidou and company if he has Russia as a market?

A consensus is now developing between conservative elements in the United States and the Soviet Union. Freedom of information, of culture, of human contacts will be shifted to the back burner, to be replaced with talk of trade.

American businessmen are now flocking to the Soviet Union and, like their counterparts in the early 1930s, they are impressed with what they hear and see. A steel executive from Pittsburgh was told that Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's novel *Cancer Ward* went unpublished because people who read it might have been afraid of cancer. Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* was not printed in the USSR because to have done so would have ruined his reputation as a great poet. Not since Julian Huxley wrote, after a visit to the USSR, that Stalin was often to be found down by the railroad sidings unloading potatoes has there been so much wide-eyed innocence.

Harry Fleming, a former special assistant to President Nixon, told Robert Kaiser, *The Washington Post*'s man in Moscow: "These people all have the interest of the company at heart. They're making it. They've got good jobs and chauffeur-driven cars. This is a pretty good system for them. They're willing to play the game the way it has to be played. If that means squashing dissidents, that's all right with them."

The men in the White House and in the Kremlin have declared that the old values no longer concern them very much. Given the arrival of the age of eavesdropping, citizens have become subjects. Solzhenitsyn, Fonda, Amalrik, Ellsberg, Sakharov, the Berrigans and all who claim the privilege of free speech and the right to demonstrate are victims of the politics of convergence.

The price we are paying for the Washington-Moscow détente can be found in the news columns rather than in the business pages. In the United States, this really is a time to ask questions. □

ILLEGAL SURVEILLANCE

Will Congress Stop the Snooping?

ATHAN G. THEOHARIS

In the wake of the Watergate and other revelations of Nixon Administration surveillance, the press has uncovered or highlighted a wide range of questionable if not illegal activities that raise serious doubts about the priorities of federal officials and the extent to which they have been willing to abuse "national security" powers simply for political purposes. These concerns have centered on the infamous Huston Plan, the National Security Council (NSC) wiretaps, and the so-called plumbers group in the White House. Recent disclosures of additional "horrors" serve only to heighten that alarm: (*1*) the Pentagon spied on the NSC and the NSC counter-spied on the Pentagon (within the paranoic Nixon Administration there is not even "honor among thieves"); (*2*) retired Rear Admiral Eugene LaRocque revealed that the Pentagon had created a special investigations unit with virtually unlimited authority to conduct clandestine operations of the kind initiated by the plumbers; (*3*) former Acting FBI Director William Ruckelshaus admitted that, in addition to the acknowledged seventeen, other government personnel and reporters were tapped during 1969-71 (Ruckelshaus reported that these taps were kept separate from the seventeen, but could not explain why); and

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(4) in 1968 FBI Director Hoover instituted a counter-intelligence operation intended to "expose, disrupt and otherwise neutralize the activities of the various New Left organizations, their leadership and adherents. We must," the FBI director emphasized, "frustrate every effort of these groups and individuals to consolidate their forces or recruit new or youthful adherents." Hoover's 1968 memo resulted in a program that included the widespread use of *agents provocateurs* to infiltrate radical groups and encourage them to undertake possible violent activities. (This program was formally terminated on April 28, 1971.) In addition, as Frank Donner and Richard Lavine have demonstrated, Nixon's Justice Department has used federal grand juries to harass and attempt the conviction of leading anti-war radicals. (See "From the Watergate Perspective: Kangaroo Grand Juries" by Frank J. Donner and Richard I. Lavine, *The Nation*, November 19, 1973.)

These actions reveal an expansive executive conception of "national security." Lacking also any sense of accountability, responsible officials have made bold to utilize federal powers to intimidate or discredit the Administration's political critics. Thus, coincident with the 1968 Hoover memo, FBI field agents were advised in 1969 to be on the lookout for "items of an unusual twist or concerning prominent personalities which may be of special interest to the President or the Attorney General." But not content to rely exclusively on the ever willing FBI, the White House also employed two former New York City policemen to spy electronically and otherwise on prominent Americans (including members of Congress and columnist Joseph Kraft).

On September 8, 1972, Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray sent a teletype directive to twenty-one field offices in fourteen states calling for information on law and order that could be used to aid Republican candidates, and specifically Richard Nixon's bid for re-election. Another, and more alarming, incident involved the now infamous NSC wiretaps of Anthony Lake and Morton Halperin, instituted in 1969 under White House authorization, allegedly to uncover leaks to the press of highly classified information. Taps on their phones continued after both had left the NSC (Halperin in September 1969, though he remained as a consultant until April 1970, and Lake in May 1970) and covered the period when both had joined the campaign staff of Edmund Muskie. Moreover, in September 1973 Henry Kissinger testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that after May 1970 he ceased receiving records from these wiretaps. Allegedly, they went thereafter to Presidential assistant H.R. Haldeman.

These revelations raise important political and constitutional questions. LaRocque's testimony and Hoover's 1968 memo are particularly instructive on the general anti-radical attitudes within official Washington in the late 1960s and through the Nixon years, and the indifference with which responsible officials viewed constitutional and libertarian principles. Given such attitudes, traditional legislative and nonlegislative safeguards against abuses of federal powers prove strikingly inadequate. The Administration's noncompliance with the legislative requirements of the Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 is a leading example.

Among its other provisions, the 1968 Act provided the first legislative authorization for electronic surveillance by the executive branch, but subject to certain defined proscriptions. In an earlier article, I have discussed the problems posed by the vagueness of the 1968 Act. (See "Misleading the Presidents: Thirty Years of Wire Tapping," *The Nation*, June 14, 1971.) Until federal district Judge Damon Keith's ruling was upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court on June 20, 1972, the Nixon Administration had claimed the right under this Act to wiretap without court order any organization it believed a threat to the domestic security. But the repressive impact of the 1968 Act was occasioned not only by such interpretations of the ambiguous passages. Even those provisions of the Act that clearly stipulated limits to executive wiretapping practices have not been strictly followed by the Nixon Administration. Thus, the Act empowered the Attorney General to authorize taps in national security cases for a ninety-day period without court order. The ninety-day limit was not restrictive, however, for the Attorney General was authorized to renew the taps for additional ninety-day periods.

In an affidavit filed in response to a civil suit brought by Morton Halperin, John Mitchell, who was Attorney General during the period of the NSC taps, affirmed that he was "never requested to extend . . . authorization [for the tap on Halperin's phone] for any specific periods of time." Was no authorization sought to extend this and the other taps, or did the President himself approve this extension without consulting or informing his Attorney General? Did the executive branch believe that it was not required to comply with this provision of the 1968 Act? These questions are the more relevant because the Administration failed to comply also with that provision of the 1968 Act detailing the procedures to be followed for authorizing electronic surveillance during criminal investigations. It is there stipulated that only the Attorney General or an Assistant Attorney General specifically designated by him can formally request such court authorization. In the first of several appeals to be argued before the Supreme Court this session, the Court will rule on alleged improprieties in the Justice Department's authorization of criminal wiretaps. The most serious of these involves the willingness of former Attorney General Mitchell to allow his executive assistant, Sol Lindenbaum, to approve in his absence departmental requests for court authorization. On his own, Lindenbaum determined that certain wiretap requests were "consistent with the Attorney General's policy," and in about sixty cases he signed the Attorney General's initials on the forms requesting court authorization. In a more recent California criminal case, defense attorneys have sought the testimony of Mitchell's successor, Richard Kleindienst, to learn whether his initials were similarly forged on court authorization request forms, these requests having been filed when Kleindienst was not in Washington.

At the minimum, such incidents reveal an indifference to the requirements of the 1968 Act. The testimony of high-level Defense and Justice Department personnel before the Senate Subcommitee on Civil Rights in 1971

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raises additional questions about Administration surveillance. Convened to investigate the possible effect of computers and data banks on the Bill of Rights, the hearings also looked into Army surveillance of civilian political activities from 1965 to 1970. In their testimony, Justice Department officials claimed that the President's "inherent powers" to protect the national security justified extensive surveillance of dissident domestic organizations and individuals. Moreover, then Asst. Atty. Gen. William Rehnquist opposed Congressional action to avert future cases of wrongdoing or excessive zeal by federal personnel. He counseled that "self-discipline" by the executive branch would adequately prevent such recurrences. Steps had already been taken to forestall such activities in the future, Defense Department personnel affirmed, citing Defense Department Directive 5200.27 of March 1, 1971. That directive, Assistant Secretary of Defense Robert Froehlke maintained, prohibited electronic surveillance of any candidate for federal, state or local office, of any incumbent, and "of any individual or organization except as authorized by law." This "authorized by law" exception raises at least one disturbing question. Was the Defense Department still asserting its right to spy on organizations and individuals who it believed threatened the "domestic security," as the Attorney General had claimed was the FBI's right in 1969? Unfortunately, the subcommittee did not press Froehlke on the meaning of this provision of the directive.

Nor is this an insignificant issue, particularly in the light of questions about the controls exercised by responsible federal officials over the wiretapping of reporters and governmental personnel. Thus, on July 25, 1973, the *Des Moines Register* wrote the Justice Department to learn about the procedures followed in authorizing the NSC wiretaps. The *Register* specifically asked, "Were these [the records delivered to the White House in the summer of 1971] transcripts of the wiretapped conversations, records showing that these taps were approved by appropriate officials, or both? The answer to the above question will necessitate your providing a rundown of the procedure routinely followed when the FBI director and attorney general approved national security intercepts, and a description of the records generated by this procedure." The *Register*'s letter went unanswered, despite the editors' persistent attempts to secure a response.

While the issue of the procedures followed to authorize and carry out wiretapping is crucial, no less important is the rationale for resorting to the practice in the first place. In this context, the government's responses to rulings by federal district Judge Damon Keith in the Detroit trial of fifteen members of the Weatherman faction of the SDS are particularly alarming. The fifteen had been charged with plotting a campaign of bombing and allied terrorism. The trial, indictment having been secured by Guy Goodwin of the special litigation section of the Justice Department's Internal Security Division, was assigned by the luck of the draw to the court of Judge Keith.

During pretrial hearings, Judge Keith upheld requests by defense attorneys for full disclosure of all illegal federal surveillance. On June 5, 1973, he ordered the prosecution to inform the court and defense counsel by June 18 of any illegal activity (specifying electronic surveillance, mail covers, break-ins, sabotage, espionage, provocateurism) directed at the defendants or their counsel by representatives of the White House staff and other federal investigative agencies, and including the Intelligence Evaluation Committee. Keith also ordered the prosecution to disclose "when and to what extent" representatives of these specified federal agencies were responsible for the break-in of defense attorney Gerald Lefcourt's office and "whether and to what extent files which may have affected the defendants or the prosecution herein have been lost or destroyed."

Responding to the Judge's order, Assistant U.S. Attorney Will Ibershof informed the court on June 7 that he had been instructed not to release logs of wiretaps that involved the defendants but had been instituted by the Justice Department before the indictment. Ibershof also requested that Keith rule whether the government had to comply fully with the June 5th order. (Later that month, on June 25, the prosecution filed an affidavit that the FBI had not engaged in illegal wiretapping, burglaries, sabotage, provocateurism or any other "unauthorized" activities while investigating the Weatherman defendants and that no FBI records relating to the case had been lost or destroyed. The prosecution thus attempted to confine its response to FBI activities and to base its denial of illegality on the ground that these activities were not unauthorized. The prosecution contended that, since the FBI was the chief investigative agency in the Weatherman case, it was sufficient to inquire into its activities. Ibershof added tersely, "The government doesn't believe this a proper forum for a trial of government misconduct.")

Peterson, Vancouver Sun

The President Is Still Listening to the People

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Judge Keith ruled on July 9 that the prosecution's response to the June 5th order was "perfunctory" and issued a more detailed stipulation of information sought from the government. He directed the prosecution to "fully comply" with the June 5th order by September 4, "by filing sworn statements from a person or persons with full knowledge of the actions of each specified group or agency"—the FBI, CIA, White House plumbers group, National Security Agency, DIA and the Treasury Department's investigative divisions. Keith then set evidentiary hearings on this matter for September 24, stipulating that "the defense and prosecution shall be permitted to call all witnesses deemed necessary and appropriate by them to further this inquiry into governmental illegality."

During the July 9th proceedings, defense attorney William Bender also asked Judge Keith to order the prosecution to turn over logs of all government wiretapping of SDS national headquarters for an eight-month period in 1969 and 1970. These tapes, government attorneys responded, had probably been destroyed. Bender countered by pointing out that such tapes must be kept by law for ten years and declared that if these tapes had been destroyed, the defense would move for dismissal. Keith took this matter under advisement. (In September, the government did turn over additional records of thousands of tapped calls at SDS headquarters in 1969 and 1970. At the time, U.S. Attorney Robert Sharp conceded that these taps were "illegal under the dictates of the 1972 Supreme Court decision. . . . The electronic surveillance was not within the statute passed by Congress and also not within the foreign-intelligence exception.")

Unable to comply by September 4 with the disclosure requirements of the July 9th court order, the prosecution sought a thirty-day extension. The unusual requirements of Keith's orders, government attorneys argued, complicated their efforts to comply. For the first time, they were required to secure affidavits from sensitive federal investigative agencies not subject to Justice Department jurisdiction. Being then involved with another case, Judge Keith did not hear this motion until the afternoon of September 12. At that time, U.S. Attorney Ralph B. Guy, Jr. further informed the court that he wished to present an affidavit he had received from an unspecified federal agency as an *in camera* submission to Judge Keith. The interception cited therein, Guy argued, did not affect the prosecution of the case but did involve a sensitive national security matter. If the judge ruled that this affidavit must be turned over to the defense, Guy added, "the government requests that the exhibit be returned to them and that they be given the liberty of exercising their option to dismiss the proceedings." The U.S. Attorney emphasized that, should the court grant the time extension, the government would submit the other required affidavits. He qualified this assertion by noting that "some of these agencies and the ones we are discussing here today have some serious policy determinations to make as to what course of action they are going to take and those are not made easily, they are not made quickly. . . ." Guy sought to have the court rule on the *in camera* submission first, adding that in the interim the prosecution would seek to obtain the additional affidavits.

Defense attorney William Goodman attempted to learn the specific nature of the material to be submitted for *in camera* examination. Guy replied elliptically that "the *in camera* exhibit contains information involving the interception of communications of individuals, none of whom are defendants presently before the court, by an agency of the federal government to obtain foreign intelligence information deemed essential to the security of the United States." Goodman then posed a series of pointed questions: Was this interception a burglary, mail cover or electronic surveillance? What agency was involved? Whose communications were intercepted? What was the date of the occurrence? To all, Guy responded that the government would not provide additional information at the time except that the interception involved an individual in a fugitive status (evidently one of the Weatherman who had gone underground).

Judge Keith gave Goodman a week to prepare argument on the *in camera* submission issue, which had been rather sprung on him, and granted the thirty-day extension. "This will be the last continuance of this matter," Keith asserted. "If there is a further request for continuance someone from Washington would have to come to explain why this extension was requested and submit to questioning from defense counsel." (Goodman had been insistent upon Guy Goodwin's appearance, arguing that he, unlike Guy or Ibershof, had first-hand knowledge of the reasons why the affidavits had not yet been produced. Keith's warning meant that, if there were further delay, defense attorneys could inquire whether this resulted from political pressure from the White House and/or the intelligence community.)

On October 4, government attorneys informed the court that they had received all the required affidavits, but required permission not to turn them over until the *in camera* submission ruling was made. Otherwise, they reasoned, by the process of elimination the defense would be able to determine which federal agency was involved. Under questioning from defense attorneys, the prosecution conceded that this same situation would apply if the judge ruled in its favor and the other affidavits were produced. Given a favorable ruling, the prosecution would take the chance to proceed with the case. Keith agreed to allow the government to retain the affidavits and set October 15 for oral argument on the *in camera* submission.

On October 15, however, the prosecution moved to dismiss the case without argument. Its decision thereby precluded the opportunity either that Judge Keith might rule favorably on its motion or that on appeal of an adverse ruling it might be able to use the case to establish a further "national security" exception to the Supreme Court's decisions in the *Alderman* (1969) and *Plamondon* (1972) cases. The decision meant further that none of the affidavits was released and the evidentiary hearings, with their prospect of intensive questioning by defense attorneys, were averted.

The Justice Department's motion to dismiss thus raises two important questions: first, why did it decide not to pursue the case and, second, of what value are court proceedings as constraints against abuses of power by the executive branch? Indirectly, Judge Keith's rulings confirm that the government, when confronted by an independent jurist neither responsive nor deferential to expansive claims

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of "national security," prefers continued secrecy to the prospect of securing the conviction of prominent radicals. Accordingly, the resolution of the Weatherman case cannot be viewed as an unqualified victory for civil liberties, its abrupt termination having successfully averted the possible political consequences of full disclosure. Clearly, a procedure more effective than court disclosure or even the activation of the special commission (the National Commission for the Review of Federal and State Laws Relating to Wiretapping and Electronic Surveillance) provided by the 1968 Act* is required to check abuses of power by federal personnel and to control zealots indifferent either to legal or constitutional prohibitions. We know that widespread electronic surveillance followed the enactment of the 1968 Act (and that even more widespread use has been made by state and local police, even by private employers). Yet, how extensive the surveillance was and what uses have been made of its fruits remain unknown.

One obvious response, now being considered, would be to initiate impeachment proceedings based on the Administration's surveillance activities. That would have a salutary deterrent effect on future Presidents. In addition, Congress could enact remedial legislation. At the least, it might repeal the 1968 Act and draft a more specific bill defining precisely when the executive branch might or might not resort to surveillance and what constitutes "national security." Even with those measures on the books, however, there is no assurance that a future administration would hesitate either to ignore the law or (as had been done prior to 1968) to conduct surveillance simply for investigation, not prosecutive purposes. What is needed is a way to insure continuous and ultimately public review of executive surveillance. Sen. Gaylord Nelson has sought to provide such a check in S.J. Res. 124, to create a Joint Committee on Individual Rights with authority to conduct hearings on every government agency that engages in surveillance or stores and processes personal information about specific individuals. Nelson's resolution would require responsible officials from such agencies to appear before this joint committee at least once a year to testify under oath and provide all relevant documents. The committee would report annually to Congress and the public, and when necessary, recommend legislative action.

Nelson's proposal would go far toward imposing a measure of control over executive surveillance. But though the resolution has such obvious merit, it has languished in the Judiciary Committee since its introduction in 1971. Speaking before the Senate on June 18, 1973, Nelson affirmed his intention to bring the issue to the floor by amendments to other bills and to use this procedure to stir the Senate out of its lethargy. Despite this statement of intent, no such debate or vote has occurred.

On November 26, 1973, Nelson reintroduced his resolution, co-sponsored this time by Sen. Henry Jackson. As chairman of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee, Jackson, on January 8, had a questionnaire sent out to federal agencies and departments, requesting detailed information on all their surveillance activities. The questionnaire was intended to ascertain the scope of governmental electronic surveillance as the basis for future hearings. While Jackson's move contrasts strikingly with the earlier indifference of the Senate leadership to Nelson's proposal, there still lacks a serious Congressional commitment to controlling executive "national security abuses." For one, the Judiciary Committee remains unresponsive to this problem. The recent disclosures of the 1968 Hoover memorandum, the Huston Plan, the plumbers group, the NSC taps, the mutual Pentagon-NSC spying on each other and the Administration's noncompliance with the legal requirements of the 1968 Act make this Congressional indifference to the Nelson proposal foolhardy. Civil liberties guarantees are at a critical juncture, and Congress has the responsibility to enact procedures adequately limiting executive surveillance and precluding future, still grosser, abuses of power. □

* The recently created (December 7, 1973) commission is scheduled to hold hearings beginning in February 1974 and reportedly will study the Administration's use of "national security" wiretaps.

BLACK CAUCUS IN THE UNIONS

STEPHEN C. SCHLESINGER

As the emotions stirred up by the AFL-CIO's decision to stay neutral in the 1972 election have gradually subsided, the labor movement is beginning to awaken to what that election year blowup actually accomplished. One result is a new liberal coalition of the unions which defied Meany in 1972 and endorsed McGovern. Another is the pro-McGovern Coalition of Black Trade Unionists (CBTU) which came into being to give black workers a voice in future federation endorsements.

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Autonomous liberal unions within labor, though they have been few and their coalition is still informal, have been around before. But the appearance of a unified black caucus within the portals of the AFL-CIO is striking in several particulars: it marks the first time that an influential segment of black unionists has identified itself as a separate body within the federation; it exposes a division among progressive and cautious blacks in labor; it intensifies the split between the liberal and conservative wings of the federation, and it is affecting the way the whole labor movement approaches such issues as race and party reform.

The decision to establish the Coalition of Black Trade Unionists originally followed George Meany's attempt to enforce labor neutrality in the 1972 Presidential cam-

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paign. The fact that no black union leaders were consulted by the AFL-CIO at a time when blacks total 3 million of the 20 million unionized workers in the country brought home to many black unionists the limits of their power in the federation.

Angered by Meany's edict, black activists organized to defy the federation's hands-off stand. A call went out to liberal black unionists around the country to come together in Chicago for a conference in late September 1972. Bill Lucy, secretary-treasurer of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), was one of the most persuasive forces behind the convocation. He recalls that many people responded because of their appreciation that the Executive Council's position was "absolutely in contrast to the needs and aspirations of black workers and the black community." An unusual 1,500 men and women from thirty-three unions showed up in Chicago.

The intensity of feelings triggered by the neutrality issue was evident at the time in the comments of participants. Said Cleveland Robinson, president of the Distributive Workers union, George Meany "has not understood us yet, and the unfortunate thing is that today we have a situation where even once enlightened leadership—white leadership—in the labor movement has now succumbed and sat by and echoed the reactionary, backward sentiments that he expresses, whether it be on the war in Vietnam or the current political situation."

But the coalition deliberately refrained from trying to create a separate labor movement for blacks. Instead, it agreed to organize within the AFL-CIO and agitate for change in labor's highest councils. Bill Lucy announced at the meeting: "But what we are going to do is make [the Executive Council] honest. We are going to make it concerned with what its social goals used to be. . . ." The coalition passed a tough resolution calling the AFL-CIO's neutrality "alien to our best interests," but, aside from authorizing the black trade unionists to work for McGovern, it carefully talked about "reforming" the AFL-CIO "just like," as Charles Hayes, vice president of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen union said, "the Democrats did in their party."

The Black Trade Unionists have since held several other conferences, the most recent being in Washington last May, when twenty-seven national unions and nine nonunion organizations appeared. The coalition now comprises thirty-three unions representing more than a million black workers, and on its steering committee are such black unionists as Nelson Jack Edwards (UAW), Charles Hayes (Meat Cutters), Cleveland Robinson (Distributive Workers) and Bill Lucy.

After one year, the coalition has become, according to one's angle of vision, a powerful irritant or a powerful stimulant inside the AFL-CIO. It has challenged George Meany on a number of issues. In addition to the dispute over McGovern, the federation and the coalition have locked horns over the appointment of Peter Brennan to be Secretary of Labor (Meany favored it), revenue sharing (the coalition approved it because poor blacks form the core population of most cities; Meany opposed it because he felt it lacked federal controls over the moneys), and affirmative action programs in the Democratic Party's selection of delegates (the coalition favored affirmative action with compliance monitored by the party; the AFL-CIO opposed anything which remotely resembled quotas, including most forms of affirmative action). Bill Lucy concedes that, because of these wrangles, many labor people "accused the coalition of being separatist, anti-AFL-CIO, antagonistic, a protest movement. But we never had a quarrel with the AFL-CIO. We just felt that blacks should have some input into decisions." Incidentally, the CBTU did support the AFL-CIO on the Burke-Hartke bill.

However, it does seem rather uppity for blacks to be acting this way now in the AFL-CIO, since for years they led lives of benign passivity within the federation. They upset no applecarts and behaved with pleasant resignation in the face of blatant discrimination by many unions within the AFL-CIO. Even in 1963, when A. Philip Randolph, head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, had the gumption to promote the March on Washington, Meany lambasted him and kept the AFL-CIO well away from the demonstration.

The characteristic federation black of recent days has been Bayard Rustin. Ironically, he was the master strategist behind the Washington March. Now, as director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, a Meany-funded and Meany-controlled operation which has done work on voter registration and political education, Rustin has become a Meany apologist. He has, for example, preached the AFL-CIO position against the quotas in the Democratic Party's delegate selection; he favors affirmative action, but many observers find his position ambiguous and laced with Meany-type rhetoric. Rustin has earned the furious contempt of many black unionists with whom I talked.

The coalition leaders are younger than Rustin, uncowed by Meany, on the payrolls of unions which themselves act independently; they are outspoken. The only puzzling thing about them, in fact, is why as a group they waited so long to organize the coalition—long after the sit-ins, the civil rights marches, and the elections of blacks to office in the 1960s and early 1970s.

For the black presence in organized labor has, after all, been remarkable. One-third of the black work force is in unions, primarily in the monster industrial unions like the United Auto Workers (500,000 blacks out of 1.5 million members); the Steelworkers (200,000 out of 1.2 million members); the Teamsters (200,000 out of 1.8 million members); and the large white-collar unions like the AFSCME (180,000 out of 615,000 members). The industrial mode of unionization, gulping whole markets at a swallow, has proven to be color-blind. It has subverted racism and created large pools of middle-class black labor.

The successful integration of these unions, in turn, has highlighted the restrictive policies of the craft or building trade unions, whose limited work markets have fostered rigid job controls that lead to the exclusion of blacks. For instance, the most recent figures for the building trades in New York City (where most of the construction unions are concentrated) show that blacks have actually lost ground in jobs in proportion to their presence

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in the city's population. In the years 1960 to 1970, blacks increased 60 per cent in population but black construction workers increased only 33⅓ per cent.

The disquieting fact is that this meager representation of blacks in the building trades has for years provoked little protest from blacks within the AFL-CIO (though outside organizations like Fightback and the NAACP have for more than a decade fought discrimination in the construction unions). Only now, with the tardy formation of the Coalition of Black Trade Unionists, will these aggravations over the lack of black membership in the craft unions be highlighted and will the black membership in the larger industrial unions become more militant. The latter effect is already apparent with the formation of strong black caucuses within unions like the International Association of Machinists (IAM).

The coalition's role will become more important in the next few years as blacks continue to grow in number in the AFL-CIO unions. According to the Labor Department's Bureau of Labor Statistics, blacks are today more likely than whites to take a unionized job. As long as union membership remains static (it is about the same today as it was in 1955, when the AFL merged with the CIO—slightly less than 15 million), black membership will rise more quickly than white membership. This means that blacks will strengthen their influence in the labor movement as a whole. And those unions which deny them jobs, especially the building trades, will find less sympathy from other unions and become increasingly isolated within the movement.

The division between wings of the labor movement over the issue of race has already shown up in symbolic ways. CBTU has been endorsed by thirty-three unions within and without the AFL-CIO; and twenty-one unions bought tickets to the September dinner of the Congressional Black Caucus in Washington, including some of the CBTU endorsees, and others like the IAM, the Electrical Workers, the NEA, the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, the National P.O. Mail Handlers union, Pocketbook Workers Local #1, the Fire Fighters union and the AFL-CIO Board. Other AFL-CIO unions and non-federation unions have not endorsed the CBTU and did not attend the Black Caucus dinner. Many unions still feel no need to make overtures to any black political bodies for various reasons: lack of social involvement, absence of black members, a desire to discourage black activism within unions and outright racist feelings.

Black unemployment remains a festering wound in American society. Unemployment is twice as high for blacks as for whites; black teen-agers have a 33.5 per cent unemployment rate. And 33 per cent of all blacks live below the poverty line while only 9 per cent of whites are that poor. Indeed, poor blacks increased by 300,000 in 1972, a year when a million Americans rose out of poverty.

These chilling statistics have had their consequences. Blacks today are becoming more cold-blooded about their own interests. The creation of the Coalition of Black Trade Unionists, like the establishment of the Congressional Black Caucus, is a recognition that in a pluralistic society like the United States, and in a federation of many unions like the AFL-CIO, only a raw form of interest-group liberalism can achieve recognition and influence.

The coalition is beginning to push hard on a few demands: more blacks in union leadership; educational programs to teach blacks in communities about unions and vice versa; a national legislative and political action lobby for blacks; expanded union organizing for blacks, other minorities and whites; in-depth studies of subjects like the impact of technological changes on the black labor market, etc.

The AFL-CIO's present tactic seems to be to brush the coalition off politely. This may change as events overtake the federation, but Meany's neutrality in 1972 did not quite envisage the counterrevolution which has been triggered within the federation. What is happening now, slowly and awkwardly, could portend a new liberalization of the AFL-CIO, or it could split the AFL-CIO wide open. Either way, the power of blacks in labor has become a small whirlwind which the trade unions can no longer contain or suppress. □

ABOUREZK OF SOUTH DAKOTA

BOOM-BOOM LAUGH IN THE SENATE

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

South Dakota is now into its second golden age of federal politics. Some sticklers will say they were unaware that South Dakota ever had one golden age, much less two. It calls for definitions. Given the anemic condition of Congress, we are obliged to reverence any member who shows signs of being loose, irreverent, earthy and carelessly intrepid. And when a state supplies Congress with two Senators at the same time who display most of those qualities, it just has to be considered a golden age.

South Dakota did it once before, around the turn of the century, when it was represented by Richard Franklin Pettigrew, who spent twelve years in Washington trying to nationalize the railroads and to destroy the banking, timber and steel trusts. In his great book, *Imperial Washington*, he confessed that he was so naive when he came to Washington that he actually believed the United States had a popular government, but that very soon "the frauds deliberately ratified by Congress convinced me that the lawyers who composed two-thirds of both Houses of Congress were but the paid attorneys of the exploiters of the American people, and that both political parties were

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but the tools in the hands of big business that were used to plunder the American people."

He was indicted for sedition because of his opposition to our entry into World War I, and in 1922—when the Red scare was in full swing and it was dangerous to advocate such things—he urged the working class to "drive the lawyers out of office and repeal all laws granting privileges, and enact laws for the public ownership of all utilities of every kind that are now owned by corporations."

A marvelous fellow, Pettigrew, not as famous as some other Midwest radicals but more outspoken and courageous than most. And South Dakota's luck didn't end there. Serving with Pettigrew was James Kyle, a young Congregational minister who was seriously considered for the Populist Party's Presidential candidacy.

In this second golden age, along with George McGovern, a kind of latter-day Pettigrew, South Dakota has for its junior Senator one James Abourezk, 42, son of a pack-peddling Lebanese immigrant. Before he became interested in politics, Abourezk was, off and on, an engineer and an attorney, but he has already shown signs of being able to overcome that shady side of his past.

It's still too early to give much of a guess as to what volume of promise is wrapped up in Abourezk; he was in the House only one term before moving up to the Senate in 1973. But he's got a marvelous unwashed style and a howitzer laugh that he uses constantly to shoot down Senatorial pomposities, and it does come with absolute naturalness that everyone on his staff down to the mail boy calls him Jim. Just bits and pieces to go on, so far, but already enough to allow for a prediction that if he doesn't make the grade it will be because he is much too healthy a person to put up with the foppish restraints of the Senate.

Some of his colleagues look upon him as something of a brute. Back in June when there was a wobbly debate over when and how to force Nixon to cut off the bombing of Cambodia, Abourezk wanted to filibuster until the Senate accepted a demand for the immediate end to the bombing. Most of the other liberals in the Senate were willing to compromise on an August 15th shutoff. "I was outraged that anyone would want to extend the bombing by way of a compromise," says Abourezk. "How the hell do you compromise when you're bombing people? I don't understand. I was going to talk all night until I found there wouldn't be enough guys to help me. Some of the liberals came over to me on the floor, when I was fussing about it, and they said to me, 'Now, we've got Nixon mouse-trapped on this. He doesn't dare back away from this agreement. He'll have to sign the bill now.' The cutoff was tacked onto some veto-proof bill like appropriations or debt ceiling. I said, 'Let him veto the goddamned bill.' I said, 'Let the sonofabitch veto it.' They said, 'Why, no! We'll be blamed if he vetoes it.' I've found that too many guys look at the whole struggle in terms of how are we going to outdo Nixon, or how are we going to outdo those bastards down South. Those are the terms that most of them think in. I haven't got that far yet, see?"

And when Abourezk, in the debate, pointed out that the Senate was about to vote on the bill without forcing the President to promise that he would abide by the August 15th cutoff, Minority Leader Hugh Scott got up in his stuffy way and declaimed, "The Junior Senator from South Dakota hasn't been here long enough to know the ways of operating in the Senate." Abourezk gave one of his boom-boom laughs at that one, but Scott was probably right.

"The House and the Senate," Abourezk acknowledges, "are incredible places for creating pessimism." Does he think that a person's idealism can survive more than one term in the House? "It can't even survive one term," the one-termer replied. "You either have to force yourself to become a cynic or you just naturally become a hopeless cynic in not too long a time." And one gathers that his early experiences in the Senate are leading him swiftly to the same conclusion.

When the Foreign Assistance Act of 1973 was up for debate last fall, Abourezk pounced on it with two amendments. One of them was to cut out all money for the "police, prisons or other internal security forces" of other nations. He argued from the premise that "the small privileged classes in most developing nations rely more and more on their national police forces to preserve the old order." He was, moreover, offended that U.S. dollars —many millions of dollars—were being spent to train South Vietnamese and Brazilian and Guatemalan and other totalitarian police forces how more efficiently to torture citizens who speak out. Abourezk lost that by a vote of 51 to 44.

His second amendment, a much better one, would have blocked military aid to all countries that imprisoned citizens for political reasons. Estimates of the number of political prisoners in South Vietnam alone range from 100,000 (Red Cross estimate) to 240,000 (Canadian Anglican News Service). Abourezk claims that in Brazil 20,000 persons have been jailed for political reasons since 1964; in Indonesia more than 55,000 political prisoners are in custody at this moment; in Bolivia more than 2,000 political suspects are in concentration camps; in Guatemala, there were about 2,000 political assassinations from November 1970 to May 1971. Each of these countries will reap millions in aid from us this year, with no incentive to stop bullying their citizens. To put it in perspective, Abourezk pointed out that, in regard to Indonesia, for example, "The United States of America, now over $400 billion in debt, is giving a quarter of a billion dollars this year to a country whose jails hold a political prisoner population greater than the population of 99 per cent of the towns in my home state of South Dakota."

But the Senate had no time for his homely contrasts. With the once liberal Hubert Humphrey leading the opposition to his amendment—"I happen to believe that we ought to leave well enough as it is" said Humphrey—the Senate voted down Abourezk's amendment 67 to 23. Eagleton, Humphrey, Jackson, Kennedy, Mondale and Muskie were among those voting against him. Still Abourezk considered it something of a victory. Humphrey had predicted Abourezk wouldn't get more than six votes and that he just might get hooted out of the chamber.

Abourezk has had other experiences that might suggest the Senate is not the most congenial spot for an activist

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freshman. From his membership on the Senate Interior Committee, he has plunged into the energy controversy. He hired some special talent for his staff, including Ed Rothstein, formerly with the American Public Gas Association. I was with Abourezk one afternoon when he ran into a vintage Senator who is using the energy crisis in the usual wheel-spinning fashion to cop some headlines. Abourezk right there on the spot proposed that he join forces with this Senator, even lend him Rothstein if that would help, to get things moving on a particular line of attack. Said the other Senator, as he slid away nervously: "Send me a memo."

Several months ago Abourezk wrote Interior Committee Chairman Henry Jackson a letter saying they ought to hold a private meeting with top oil company officials and subpoena their records to find out what the nation's oil reserves are, and where. He never got an answer. The figures would be useful today.

On several occasions Abourezk has tried to organize the liberals in the Senate to work together on particular bills, with lousy results. For example, when it was rumored around Washington that John Connally would be Nixon's choice for substitute Vice President, some Senators wanted to put together a select committee to study the alleged nominee. It would be a chance to get at Connally. Abourezk was given the job of organizing. "I called a meeting of the liberals on that," he says, "but only about five showed up. It was embarrassing because I was a freshman. Why should I be put in a position to organize? It pisses the others off, when you do that as a freshman."

True. But they are just as offended by aggressive action on the part of senior members. Senators just don't like to be disturbed, and mistrust disrupters of their peace. Abourezk is still too close to the real world, his memories of a slender income are still too fresh for him to understand why a person should accept $42,500 a year for doing nothing.

Abourezk's grandfather was a farmer near Kfeir, a village in southern Lebanon. Abourezk's father, Charlie, came over in 1895. Those were the days when railroad tycoons were hustling railroad tickets at Ellis Island, telling about the glories and the free land in the West. Charlie got as far as South Dakota, where he went into business as a pack peddler. He would walk from farmhouse to farmhouse, from log cabin to log cabin, from tent to tent, all across those prairie lands. There were still Indians alive as recently as ten years ago who could remember Abourezk's dad coming by their huts to spend the night. Then he returned to Lebanon, married, sired a couple of children and sailed back to America, saying, "I'll send for you when I get the money." It took him ten years. He opened his first store in 1910. In 1920, when he had enough money to open a second store, he also had enough money to send for his wife and family, thereafter adding two more children, including James.

Abourezk was what you could call a slow developer. After high school he was in the Navy four years, stationed in Japan. Then he came home and worked as a used-car salesman, rancher, surveyor and bartender. As a matter of fact, he was one of the most active bartenders in Winner, S.D., where for three years he dispensed drinks from behind every bar in town. In his off-hours he was getting a political education reading copies of *The Nation* and *The New Republic* lent to him by a Jewish doctor.

He didn't get started in college until he was 26. He paid his way through the South Dakota School of Mines working another four years as a bartender at the American Legion Club. He was also the bouncer. When a fight broke out, he had to go over the top of the bar because, the funny way it was built, he couldn't go around. Hardly a night passed that the patrons could not yell at least once, "There goes Abourezk! Over the top!"

Abourezk is, you can tell, fairly proud of the way he handled himself. "Most of the guys who worked behind the bar," he says, "had to take a blackjack with them. But you see, I had studied judo in the Navy and I never had to bother with a blackjack. I was fair at judo." But he didn't take himself too seriously. "One time, this sonofabitch was so tough, he was just pounding hell out of somebody else and I went over and grabbed him from behind on his biceps. But he was so wiry, he would just flex his muscles and throw my hands off. After a while, he said, 'Whoever's behind me, let me go, or I'll kill you, too.' I turned him loose." Abourezk laughs and laughs, enjoying the memory of his wise disengagement.

Having got his civil engineer's degree in 1961, Abourezk almost immediately began to wonder why. He worked at it for a couple of years in California and South Dakota, but "I wasn't too good. It was boring as hell, and I wasn't that good in mathematics.

"I was working on construction in 1963 and got laid off on December 15. That was Peter Kiewit's Christmas present to me. Peter Kiewit Sons Company, a construction outfit, operates out of Omaha. Probably the biggest right winger in the world.

"So I decided to start all over, to go down to law school. But my brothers called me—they run the big store in Mission—and offered me a third of the business if I would take it over. I ran it for six months, lived out on the prairie in that goddamned trailer house. One night it got 38 below zero. The water pipes froze up, the sewer froze up. That job lasted until May and then I got into an argument with my brothers and moved to Hot Springs to run the business up there for the summer. Then I moved to Rapid City to get my kids in school because I thought I could find work there, but an economic recession had hit because the missile work had closed down.

"I was a pretty good surveyor and tried to get a job at that, but couldn't. I tried to get a job just as a laborer with a construction company. The no-good bastards. The morning I drove out to see about the job, it rained a little, so the foreman said, 'I may not put you on today. I ain't sure I'll put anybody on.' I said, 'You sonofabitch, you told us to drive out here this morning.'

"So I tried to organize everybody to walk off the job with me, but they wouldn't do it. At a buck and a half an hour—you won't believe this—at a buck and a half an hour those other fellows were afraid to walk away for fear the foreman would get mad at them. Would you believe that? Buck and a half.

"Well, I walked off and went and called the Law School dean at Vermillion. This was the day after Labor Day. I asked can I get admitted? The dean said, 'send your

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grades.' The day after they got there he said, 'Well, why not?' So for the next three years I was in Law School, but this time I didn't tend bar on the side. I borrowed money. And I'm still paying."

So in 1966 it appeared that the drifter had probably stopped drifting when he opened his general practice of law in Rapid City. An unaccustomed stability permeated his life for the next few years, broken only by an occasional spat of excitement, as when he and William Kunstler successfully joined forces to help a black man escape a bum murder rap.

But a greater itch, that of politics, took hold of him in 1968, and he ran for attorney general. And lost. It was not an overwhelming defeat, but a heavy one, and he came out of it, he says, "determined to show myself and everybody else that one of those elections could be won" by a guy like himself.

He got another chance in 1970, when South Dakota's oldest mossback, E.Y. Berry, announced his retirement from Congress. For twenty years he had represented South Dakota's 2nd District, with three-fourths of the state's land area and half of the state's population, so heavily larded with conservative ranchers that it was assumed that only a Republican could possibly carry the district. Within the memory of living man, only one Democrat had ever done it, and that was in a Franklin Roosevelt landslide in the 1930s.

But the farmers and ranchers of South Dakota were, as it turned out, momentarily unhappy with the Nixon farm policies. Also, the man who won the Republican primary, Fred Brady, went beyond the normal conservatism of his fellow citizens on one point and sounded too much at odds with their basic libertarianism. He proposed compulsory youth camps for everyone between the ages of 16 and 25. At these camps, there would be compulsory training in citizenship, in "decency and respect for law and order." Brady printed his proposal in a booklet.

"I hopped on that," says Abourezk, "and called it un-American and everything else I could think of. His proposal was so ridiculous that nobody would believe Brady had said it. So we started reprinting in the newspapers those pages out of his booklet that talked about the youth camps. But people still wouldn't believe it.

"Then Brady did us a favor. He came out first of all and denied he had said it. Then he came out and said he said it but that wasn't what he'd meant."

That wasn't the only reason Abourezk won. He also walked the district, shaking hands with everybody, going to every post office and store in the district. And the final touch was a debate before the League of Women Voters at Rapid City. Brady talked first, and he talked a great deal about what a wonderful and talented man he was. When Abourezk got his turn he said, "Well, I would have preferred to discuss issues. I thought that's why we came here, to discuss issues. But since Brady has taken a personal tack, I feel that the rules of one-upmanship require me to brag on myself. So I would like to point out that, in addition to my other qualifications, I can claim what no other candidate in the race can claim: I am a highly skilled notary public." The crowd broke up.

In the House, Abourezk got a couple of fine committee assignments, Interior and Judiciary, but when Karl Mundt retired from the Senate in 1972, Abourezk, already restless to move on, ran for and won Mundt's seat.

With only a year's exposure in the Senate, he has made a name for himself in one of the least promising areas that a politician could enter if he has any designs on a higher national office: he has become one of the Senate's most eloquent advocates for tolerance for the Arab side of the Mideast question. He insists that he is not a spokesman for the Arabs and that he is only voicing his own conscience, but there are not likely to be many Jews who interpret his remarks in such a restricted way. That being so, it is probably fortunate for Abourezk's political future that, according to the American Jewish Committee, there are at present 1,065 Jews in all of South Dakota, or approximately 0.3 per cent of the state's population.

"I used to be pro-Israel, before I found out what was going on," says Abourezk. "My mother used to read her Arabic-language newspaper and occasionally she would denounce the Jews, and I would say, 'Ah, she's just prejudiced.' Then I got to Washington and both sides started coming into the office, some Arab scholars and some Jewish lobbyists, and I started studying the issue. I told an Arab once who came into my office, 'Now, look, Israel has a right to exist,' and he asked, 'Has she a right to expand?' It made me think. It made me start reading. I found out, for example, that the Golan Heights in 1949 had been populated by Arab farmers. There was no partitioning plan that gave it to any country. It was a kind of no man's land, but populated by Arab farmers

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from time immemorial. Then between 1949 and 1952-53, Israel moved in and moved the Arab farmers off and replaced them with Israeli kibbutzim. Syrians, angered by it, started lobbing shells down into the valley. But you only hear the last part of that goddamned story, which is that the Syrians are mean bastards because they lobbed shells into the valley and therefore Israel is justified in taking the Golan Heights.

"I'm not an Arab spokesman. What has happened in the last few months or years, as I've learned more about it, is that my sense of justice has been offended. I used to say, 'Good, take the Golan Heights.' I don't say that any more.

"We have accomplished for the Russians what they were unable to accomplish on their own. That is, we gave them a foothold in the oil-rich Middle East. How did we do it? We took 100 million Moslems, who don't like atheists—and the Russians are atheists—and we have poured arms into their adversaries who have used them to bomb the shit out of them, to take their land, and as a result we have driven them to the Russians to ask for arms. [Not quite as simple as that; American military industrialists are selling to the Arabs, too.]

"I went over to Lebanon last summer. Went down to my daddy's old village. Big welcome. Every little village before we got there, everybody turned out. Banner across the road at Mimas, which had just had the hell bombed out of it by Israeli Phantom jets, said, "Welcome Sheikh Senator James Abourezk,' and underneath it, 'Phantom Jets Made in USA.' In Kfeir, the Mayor got up and made a speech in Arabic which was translated and it went something like this, 'We used to think of the United States as the land that took in the oppressed. Our relatives went there and prospered. Our people are there. The United States was the hero of the world. Now the United States has sent the Phantom jets to bomb us here in southern Lebanon. We have done nothing to the United States. We now think of the United States as the oppressor itself.'

"That's a long way to come in our foreign policy, isn't it?"

Whatever the virtues or defects of his argument, it is at least comforting to have one man like Abourezk on that side. A few days ago Saudi Arabia's oil diplomat Ahmed Zaki Yamani came to Washington and they threw a cocktail party for him in one of the back rooms in the Capitol. Abourezk invited me to tag along. It was a slick and quietly dull event, peopled by such ghosts of the present as Clark Clifford and Richard Kleindienst. They stood around stiffly, eating lukewarm *hors d'oeuvres* and talking in hushed tones. Over the top of it all rumbled the voice of Abourezk, telling stories about South Dakota Indians. And, once again, he looked unself-consciously out of place. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 130)*

rate," because mostly accurate is pretty good when one's reporting includes the opinions of other people.

But about that "mostly": I accept Ms. Hellman's objections, except the last one when she says ". . . nor could he have ever said to Mr. Spitzer's wife, years later, that he thought she should have written to him in jail: he knew that nobody except blood relatives could write or visit the jail."

I cannot accept this because I was standing there in the theatre lobby and heard him say it. I remember it because I felt so guilty about not writing him myself, or going to see him. (It eases my conscience a bit to know now that my efforts would have been useless.)

Why Hammett said "yes," when my wife said she should have written him (when he knew he wouldn't have received her letters), is something I can't explain. I imagined he was telling her she should have made the effort on principle. Perhaps, though, he just didn't want to discuss it.

E. E. Spitzer

Nation file

DEAR SIRS: I have a nearly complete run of *The Nation* for the 1960s which I wish to donate to any library, organization or individual (in that order of preference) who wants them.

H.R. McKnight
147 W. Scott Ave., Fresno, Calif. 93704

gigantic rip-off

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Re: "The Alaska Pipe Line: After Ecology, Monopoly" by Mary Clay Berry [*The Nation*, Nov. 5, 1973].

¶Tankers on the East Coast are queuing up at port facilities, unable to unload their cargo because all storage facilities are filled.

¶The chairman of ARCO demands increase of public subsidy (depletion allowance) because return on capital investment is inadequate.

¶Exxon, Gulf, Texaco, Standard of California announce they will spend more than $10 billion in 1974 to expand exploration and refining capacity.

¶Energy czar Simon stresses "higher prices are the key to give the oil industry an incentive to increase supplies."

¶Emergency energy bill killed with an assist by the White House because of an amendment to prevent reaping further windfall profits through increased prices.

¶Oil company subversion of elected officials by illegal campaign contributions insures elimination of hard-won environmental restraints.

Is there a fuel shortage? An energy crisis? Will it resolve itself when prices triple?

The carefully plotted and engineered gigantic rip-off by the oil trust is beginning to be clearly visible. Are we rudely thrust back into the days of John D. Rockefeller and his piratic Standard Oil gang, with their rigged shortages and prices, huge tax subsidies, and the "public be damned" policy? . . .

When will we wake up to recognize that all energy sources are prime national resources and that, to protect the public from the social irresponsibility of the oil monopoly, the answer is *nationalization*?

Theodore Schoenman

correction

Phil Primack, author of "The Miners Convene: Problems of a New Broom" [*The Nation*, Jan. 5], writes as follows:

On Page 17, third paragraph, first column, beginning with "Specific issues. . . ." One line reads: "Would the union have a strike for the first time?" The word "fund" apparently got dropped after the word "strike." The UMW has a long history of strikes. It has never, however, had a strike fund, and still doesn't.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Continuities in Modern American Poetry

M. L. ROSENTHAL

Let us avoid the pedantic view of literary history that has recently led to a certain amount of nonsense about what is called "modernism" and "post-modernism." The modern poetic movement is to my mind still in full swing, and recent poetry at its best has been following through on possibilities opened up during the second, third, and fourth decades of this century. A specifically Left poetry, for instance, flourished for a while during the 1930s in our country and then re-emerged far more explosively in the late 1950s. It has had a new life, unhampered by Communist dogma, ever since. In matters of form, the most striking tendency is that the development of image-centered poetry in English has led to the evolution of the modern sequence, a relatively long poem whose structure and life depend on a series of radiating centers or affects.

As it had in French poetry, this reorientation of the long poem came to rely strongly on improvised associative dynamics, but it has always carried within it important references to traditional forms and symbolic motifs. It helped in the process of freeing the poet to work directly out of his subjective awareness even when the realities uncovered were humiliating, nasty or dangerous. There were plenty of 19th-century forerunners in English. *Song of Myself* comes to mind first of all, perhaps, but one could assemble a long list of titles such as Tennyson's *Maud* and Browning's "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." It would be a great pleasure to contemplate such works and their relation to the great 20th-century sequences, but simple reference to the obvious connection must suffice here. One might point, though, to some similarities of psychological and sexual unease, with surprising corollaries of a political and social character.

Let me touch on a few salient aspects of the poetic situation as coherently as my brief space allows. One never really *knows* a living art. Hundreds of between-wars poets wrote poems of some interest that no one is any longer aware of. But even among the score or so poets of the period whose names are still fairly well known, their actual work remains largely unexplored. Nothing has brought out this fact so strikingly as the publication of Valerie Eliot's edition of *The Waste Land*, with the early manuscript drafts and other relevant materials. As soon as a view of the manuscripts became possible, various scholars began applauding this acceptance, and that rejection, by Eliot of Pound's advice; and this change, or that retention, decided upon by Eliot all on his own. Curious! People of the sort who in the early 1920s would have paid no attention to *The Waste Land*, any more than they now pay attention, say, to Ramon Guthrie's *Maximum Security Ward*, or to Galway Kinnell's *The Book of Nightmares*, suddenly were able to tell at a glance just what belonged in it and what did not. On the whole, according to them, everything Eliot finally did was right and all omissions, except in the case of one line, were very properly omitted indeed. *The Waste Land* as we have it is the best of all possible *The Waste Lands*.

But what the manuscripts show is something much more intrinsic to what happens in a poem. They show elements the poet tried to work with and was not always able to handle, partly because they were intractable at the particular point he had reached in his development and partly because of insufficient reinforcement from contemporary sensibility. Despite its double embalmment by Eliot's self-created later public image and by saturation in certain half-official modes of interpretation, *The Waste Land* had since World War II decayed in some spots and ossified in others. The manuscripts reminded us of its primary character as a poetic sequence, its mobilization of diverse elements of tone, awareness, intellectual preoccupation, and social attitudes under the pressure of a psyche struggling to transcend its disturbances by a unifying vision. It was open, improvisatory, tentative, yet firm in that larger, self-organizing purpose. It was a young man's poem, impure and unsimple. His head was full of melodies—speech rhythms, lyrical lines and phrases, operatic and poetic snatches, sardonic raspings, gusts of feeling, echoes of voices, bits of internal dialogue. Redeemed from exegetes, archetypists, anthropologists and Christian illuminators, the poem's original life clarified itself. It begins in something like pure music and ends in self-mocking confusion. Like Pound's *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* and *Homage to Sextus Propertius* and first groups of *Cantos* it is a discovery whose poetic achievement remains to be explored. The real symbiosis of the two poets is revealed in their parallel enterprises during their 30s and 40s.

Obviously, there is a direct continuity between such works and the sequences by Hart Crane and William Carlos Williams that came along a little later—and then the sequences of our own decades by Olson, Duncan, Guthrie, Kinnell, Muriel Rukeyser and others. The influence intermingles with the energies generated by Yeats's longer works, a continuing force in American as in British poetry, and by those of Stevens. The authority of these germinative works derives both from the achievement of their most intense and beautiful passages and from the courage of letting the associative process lead where it will. As Stevens puts it in *The Man with the Blue Guitar*, at once savagely and charmingly:

> *Ah, but to play man number one,*
> *To drive the dagger in his heart,*
>
> *To lay his brain upon the board*
> *And pick the acrid colors out,*
>
> *To nail his thought across the door,*
> *Its wings spread wide to rain and snow,*
>
> *To strike his living hi and ho,*
> *To tick it, tock it, turn it true,*
>
> *To bang it from a savage blue,*
> *Jangling the metal of the strings . . .*

Among much else in modern poetry that remains to be explored, the savage side of Stevens, and his centrality, call for more attention. His playful comment on Blackmur's criticism was in fact a pointed indication of his own poetic interests. "Blackmur," he wrote, "fails, not for lack of ideas, but for not knowing what his ideas are. Nothing shows this more clearly than ten or twelve pages of his work from which one usually comes away—longing for sex and politics." Poetic courage consists in getting into the real thing, the real awareness within which the poem is born, regardless of whether anyone, even the poet himself, considers the

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subjective states involved admirable ones. A predilection for the aristocratic, fear or disgust at the thought of sex, self-hatred, racial prejudice, the sense of paranoid or unstable qualities in oneself (I am thinking of motifs present in some of our most distinguished poets)—*are* subjective realities. The ambiguities of social and psychological experience, converted into volatile, many-dimensioned possibilities of language and image, are mobilized by the dynamics of a poem into aesthetic perspectives.

A number of black poets at this moment, with Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) in the foreground, are playing with dynamite morally somewhat as Pound and Eliot have done in their anti-Semitic passages. They project warped, but real, sensibilities in which violent, caricaturing racial images are combined with a language of uncompromising and sometimes vile abuse. With a poet as gifted and as aware of the implications of what he is doing as Baraka is, and as able to write with exquisite psychological accuracy and subtlety, we are confronted by the use of political consciousness as a volatile element of poetic dynamics. One cannot help being reminded of the two sides of Pound, to some degree embodied in his brilliant portrait of Blake "before hell-mouth" in *Canto XVI* on the one hand, and his more blatant passages in the *Hell-Cantos* on the other hand. At the same time, this *dangerous* use of poetry is premised on the assumption that poetry counts. Auden to the contrary, it is not true that "poetry makes nothing happen." What happens, I admit, takes place mainly at the level of qualitative subjective awareness; the "agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve" nevertheless transforms modes of perception. The great generation of early moderns certainly felt this way, and Williams devoted *Paterson* to what he called his need to find a "common language to unravel" and thus help unify a people.

The belief, or hope, is that getting the real life of the psyche out into the open is the difficult but right path of the poet; that art is the testing ground of attitudes without bloodshed. Baraka's poem "Black Art" includes the following passage, which I suppose speaks for itself:

Look at the Liberal
Spokesman for the jews clutch his throat
& puke himself into eternity . . . rrrrrrr
There's a negroleader pinned to
a bar stool in Sardi's eyeballs melting
in hot flame. Another negroleader
on the steps of the white house one
kneeling between the sheriff's thighs
negotiating coolly for his people.

This is not Baraka's best writing or thinking, to put the matter as mildly as one can. It is infantile and repulsive. But that is not the end of the matter. Baraka is a pupil of Pound in his recklessness of attitude testing, and I can only admire Adrienne Rich's reaction to such passages as well as to the rest of his work in her poem, "The Blue Ghazals." One section of the poem is addressed directly to him. She sees his racism as an expression of suffering and as a means of distancing himself from even the most sympathetic white mentality. The following passage shows, in a number of ways, the continuing strength of poetic attitudes of the 1920s and 1930s:

Late at night I went walking through
your difficult wood,
half-sleepy, half-alert in that thicket
of bitter roots.

Who doesn't speak to me, who speaks
to me more and more,
but from a face turned off, turned
away, a light shut out.

Most of the old lecturers are inaudible
or dead.
Prince of the night there are explosions
in the hall.

The blackboard scribbled over with
dead languages
is falling and killing our children.

Terribly far away I saw your mouth in
the wild light:
it seemed to me you were shouting in-
structions to us all.

Miss Rich's lines refer specifically to Baraka's novel, *The System of Dante's Hell*, and a collection of his poems, *The Dead Lecturer*. Baraka has in his own way picked up from Pound's and Eliot's heavy redeployment of motifs and tones from Dante. It is odd to see Miss Rich recognizing the modern Inferno in which he moves and at the same time proposing that "most of the old lecturers are inaudible or dead" and that "the blackboard scribbled over with dead languages/ is falling and killing our children." The recognition of the interdependence of tradition and invention was one important key to the liberation of form in 20th-century poetry; it is the same kind of key to significant social change. Nevertheless, Miss Rich sees the real interior landscape of the speaker in Baraka's poetry and reaches out with an overstatement that is part of her empathy. The deliberately averted face of Baraka, the voice that speaks to her and yet does not speak, the wild sense of shouted instructions that cannot be heard are images both personal and political, ambiguous images of a nightmare world that resemble effects in poets as different from one another as Eliot and Muriel Rukeyser. Like the poets of the 1930s who were so strongly influenced by Eliot and Lawrence, she sees the interchangeability of the personal and the political. As she says later in "The Blue Ghazals":

The moment when a feeling enters the body
is political. This touch is political.

That insight has to do with the free-floating universal relevance of sensation and emotion. This is a constant in aesthetic process, one whose full significance is brought to bear in modern poetic method. We see manifestations of it in each of the longer sequences I have mentioned. One reason the *ghazal* has interested our poets recently is that it allows for a float of tonal association in which such connections can emerge in an almost amniotic context without the organizing demands of the developed forms in our own tradition. The formal laxness is not a total blessing for it encourages Delphic utterances in a vacuum and sometimes is hard to distinguish from talking in one's sleep.

Be that as it may, the name of Adrienne Rich brings me back to Stevens' remark about sex and politics, which of course come together sharply in the poetry of women's liberation. One thing we have been witnessing is the reawakening of continuities with the social and revolutionary poetry of the 1930s. The poetry of the late 1950s and early 1960s, for instance, when the Beats came into their own, was foreshadowed by Kenneth Fearing. There is no poem more desolate than his "Green Light," a masterpiece of depressive candor more devastating and less pretentious in its vision of urban emptiness than any other poem I know. Now that the era of wildly rhetorical and humorous poetry associated with the new radicalism is past, Muriel Rukeyser stands out as both a precursor and an exemplar of the half-political, half-personalist tendencies of the present moment. The passage by Adrienne Rich I have quoted has a good deal of Rukeyser in it, including the refusal to challenge Baraka on ideological grounds.

Well, there is much left to say, to bear out my conviction that the poetic tendencies set in motion earlier in this century are still in full career. Let me end by quoting a short poem by Williams and making a very few remarks about it. It is called "Love Song":

I lie here thinking of you:—

the stain of love
is upon the world!
Yellow, yellow, yellow
it eats into the leaves,
smears with saffron
the horned branches that lean

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heavily
against a smooth purple sky!
There is no light
only a honey-thick stain
that drips from leaf to leaf
and limb to limb
spoiling the colors
of the whole world—

you far off there under
the wine-red selvage of the west!

I pull this one poem out of the treasure-hoard of unexamined modern work because its original energy puts to shame a great deal of the poetry that is supposed to be rendering modernism obsolete. "Yellow, yellow, yellow" is an active image, the projection over the whole visible universe of a man's urge toward a woman he is thinking of. That universe is tangibly out there: the leafy, "horned," actively thrusting branches, the colors of the sky and of "the whole world," and the sunset's "red selvage of the west," waiting to receive the spreading yellow. Everything in the external universe is absorbed—"eaten," "stained," "spoiled"—into the driving emotion of the speaker until its limits are reached in the wonderful image of the "wine-red selvage." This image not only receives but contains the poem's male force and suggests female response and sexual fulfillment.

The "stain of love" of which the lover sings is like the personified "blind loving wrestling touch" in *Song of Myself* and like the "body" that "stubbornly pushes out of the" speaker in Mayakovsky's "I." To think of its source is to see Williams' daring. His linking of "yellow" with "stains," "smears," "honey," "thick," "drips" and "spoiling" is rooted in associations of the sexual with the excremental and with such richly sweet bodily sensations as the taste of honey. The idea of passion that obliterates clear vision is linked, too, with a kind of primitive or infantile guilt over being nasty and sticky. The poem reflects a subconscious feeling that the world is made up of clearly defined objects bathed in light until the sexual principle takes over, staining and smearing and eating into the beauty of natural things—*spoiling* them. Yet the whole set of the poem is not sad or disgusted but exuberant. It *is* a "love song" and it asserts desire in an abundant sexual image that converts all the elements I have been describing into a joyous reaching for fulfillment. This effect is so convincing because the successive tones and impressions correspond to actual human feelings. The varying associations of "yellow" as each image emerges are directly related to the ways people experience and think about love. The order of images corresponds, in a sense, with the maturing process. Somewhere along the way, in their early psychological development, people are likely to feel at least some revulsion at the proximity of the body's sexual and excremental functions. But ordinarily, through normal maturing, we learn to subordinate such revulsion and, in fact, to reverse it so that it contributes to the exaltation of love. This whole development of feeling in love-experience is recapitulated in "Love Song."

Why have I gone into such detail just here? Because the poem is so alive and interesting. Do you suppose we have got to the bottom of this kind of modernism yet? The whole body of poetry of our age is bursting with it. □

Brilliant and Cranky by Turns

REVOLUTIONARIES. *By Eric J. Hobsbawm. Pantheon Books. 278 pp. $7.95.*

TODD GITLIN

Now that the word "revolution" has become a vacuity, an abstraction, the name of a historically unspecific yearning, an impulse all the more exotic for its lack of fit with the present political stasis, a slogan for commercial trends or a travesty on historical possibility, Eric Hobsbawm's book of essays is both illuminating and frustrating, cautionary and useful. Hobsbawm wants to clarify the situation of revolutionaries in the modern world—not to formulate a theory of revolutionary circumstance, agency or possibility, but to sort out some of his considerable knowledge of revolutionaries and revolutions themselves. The Marxist historian writes lucidly, and if he sometimes tries to be more lucid than his material permits, if his "plain Marxism"—C. Wright Mills's term—sometimes insists on definiteness where a greater ambiguity would be more appropriate, he is rarely out of touch with that common sense without which history is mere formula, whether giddy, tragic or farcical.

Essay collections, of course, have their limits, and this one is as scattered as one would expect of essays and reviews written over a ten-year period on a wide range of subjects. Some essays, the first section in particular, on the history of European communisms, will be of interest only to specialists; they do not raise issues of general concern. On Ernst Bloch he writes a superb introduction that makes me wish more of Bloch were available in English; on Karl Korsch he seems to me somewhat cranky; on Hannah Arendt, brilliant; on Althusser, remarkably balanced; on Vietnam, precise and prophetic (this 1965 essay is still one of the better pieces on the war and on guerrilla warfare in general); on modern violence, excellent; these judgments are perhaps matters of taste, though assuredly, whatever one's judgment, Hobsbawm is always interesting.

If there is a unifying theme to the rest, it is the predicament of revolutionaries in a nonrevolutionary situation; that is, of people who feel the need for bottom-to-top social transformation when circumstances seem to permit no such thing. To this problem Hobsbawm brings considerable erudition and—what is particularly welcome to an American reader—a perspective not only historical but international. And yet when he comes near the core of this problem, with his discussion of anarchism, he is regrettably close to being tendentious. The basis of his attack on anarchism is its insignificance: simply, it fails; it fails because "Spontaneity can bring down regimes, or at least make them unworkable, but can provide no alternative suitable to any society more advanced than an archaic self-sufficient peasantry, and even then only on the assumption that the forces of the state and of modern economic life will simply go away and leave the self-governing village community in peace"; therefore, anarchism is wrong and retrograde. Bolshevism, on the other hand, succeeds. Spanish anarchism in particular, Hobsbawm argues, must bear the burden of blame for having failed to prosecute war tenaciously enough against General Franco's army.

Yet it seems to me that Hobsbawm can sustain the authority of his argument only by resorting to a double standard. The anarchists are to be damned for sectarianism because they failed; the Spanish Communists, on the other hand, cannot be criticized harshly because they did try to win the war—and failed. In other words, the more powerful sect is not to be condemned for sectarianism. This will not do. One must be much

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clearer and less tautological about what one means by success to be entitled to condemn one failure and not another. Otherwise one is perilously close to E.H. Carr's Orwellian "history-belongs-to-the-winners" stance, where revolutionary might makes right. Hobsbawm defends the Bolshevik attitude toward anarchism —fundamentally friendly, he calls it—yet hardly mentions the suppression of the Kronstadt rebellion. He tends to *explain* anarchism and to *explain away* the dangers of Bolshevism, though in a later essay, "Reflections on Anarchism," he does move toward a more balanced view, appreciative of anarchism's anti-authoritarianism yet also critical of its irrationalism and anti-organizational bias. But finally Hobsbawm refuses to entertain seriously enough the possibility that both anarchism and Marxism could be strengthened by being infused with each other's virtues. Thus it is true, as he writes, that many anarchists are anti-technological, even atavistic, yet there are exceptions, even in the United States, and Hobsbawm does not discuss them. "It is possible to construct a theoretical model of libertarian anarchism which will be compatible with modern scientific technology, but unfortunately it will not be socialist," he writes. This does not follow at all. On the contrary, it may even be argued, as I have done elsewhere, that technological advance may *make possible* a democratic Socialist organization of society which is also libertarian.

With the major exception of this stale critique—an overcompensating reaction, I suppose, to the disappointments of the 1960s—Hobsbawm makes a good deal of sense. On the French uprising of May 1968 he writes convincingly against both the *enragé* and Communist Party mythologies: it is in the balance of his debunking that Hobsbawm is at his best. The final essay, "Intellectuals and the Class Struggle," is an excellent summary of some lessons to be learned from the 1960s, with some pointed critiques of youth and student movements, and a too-brief sketch of problems in the relations between blue- and white-collar Lefts. It is good to be reminded that workers and intellectuals need each other, yet the terms of their alliance remain to be indicated. (At the same time Hobsbawm has almost nothing to say about feminism as a Left force, a curious omission in a book that intends, if not completeness, at least a certain comprehensiveness on the subject of recent radical movements.) In the end, for all his lucidity, Hobsbawm is caught in the predicament which defines all 20th-century revolutionaries in the West: the problem of revolutionary consciousness without revolutionary conditions, even without a revolutionary class. If, as Hobsbawm argues, "new working class" theories point toward a new Fabianism, a reformism representing the new "labor aristocracy," what then is the alternative? What, in other words, is a Western revolutionary project which is not, in the present, reformist, though it must also be more than reformist? This is one problem any Left must address if it is to be a Left of the 1970s and not merely an echo, or a critique of the past movements. In the name of old, possibly outmoded polarities, "revolution vs. reform," Hobsbawm skirts the issue. But then hardly anyone is confronting it head-on in print, nor, for that matter, in practice. The recent lessons of Chile and Greece remain to be digested, and I hope Hobsbawm will be heard from again. □

DELUSIONS OF NORMALCY

Let's try not
To be sexually interesting

Tourists on the planet,
Our children's children.

He is like a stockpile of nuclear weapons
we keep telling ourselves we will never use
She dozes through
A million re-runs of
"The Wizard Of Oz"
(Dorothy is a girl
who can't get out of her ruby slippers)

Upstairs, a bedroom
(not a word is spoken. where babies come from.)
Downstairs a coffee table and sofa
(the houseplants annihilate each other)

Kathleen Norris

Revolution vs. Reformism—Again

FALSE PROMISES: The Shaping of American Working-Class Consciousness. *By Stanley Aronowitz. McGraw-Hill. 465 pp. $10.*

RONALD RADOSH

At a moment when the existence of working-class discontent is becoming a widely accepted reality, Stanley Aronowitz has written a book to inquire "why the working class in America remains a dependent force in society and what the conditions are that may reverse this situation." Aronowitz is perhaps one of the best-equipped writers to explore this question. A worker in the steel, auto and electrical industries between 1952 and 1960, Aronowitz went on to become International Representative of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union. Later, he was a staff organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, then a community organizer, and at present he is teaching at Staten Island Community College.

In undertaking to discuss a matter whose scope is necessarily very large, Aronowitz has approached areas he might have more profitably avoided. The book is at once autobiographical, historical, sociological and theoretical. As a result, it is often disjointed. The personal accounts of his own life and the reports of the workingman's everyday life—such as the gripping account of the young auto workers' rebellion at GM's Vega plant in Lordstown, Ohio—read easily and carry an immense impact. The synthesis of other scholars' work, his own comments in the areas of music, cinema and education, and his long theoretical forays into neo-Marxist philosophy tend to drag on and to descend to unproved assertions that might lead the reader to put down the book and turn to the very consumer culture that Aronowitz so passionately condemns.

Yet Aronowitz's digressions, as pe-

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ripheral to his major thesis as they might first appear to be, must be forgiven him. He is trying to ascertain whether a revolutionary potential exists beneath the slumbering discontent. Unlike many self-proclaimed Marxists, who believe that the revolutionary message has to be brought to workers from the outside by the party, an institution which provides leadership in day-to-day political and economic struggles, Aronowitz argues that in contemporary America the critical arena of conflict is the entire culture—not merely its economic or political components.

People keep on selling their labor power, he argues, for the sake of consumption. It is mass communication which provides the values "that make labor tolerable." Thus culture is itself "a *praxis* and in the broadest sense a means of production . . . an active force in the historical process by which human beings produce their own modes of existence." Aronowitz desires a culture "reintegrated into everyday life," one created by the populace rather than consumed by them as spectacle. What occurs in the cultural sphere will determine the possibility of social change. "The question of whether young workers will rebel against the authority relations of the workplace," he writes, "depends largely on the question of whether they have developed the modes of social life that counter the prevailing culture."

The critical struggle is therefore to help workers see that they must "measure themselves as well as others by what they produce rather than by material reward." Unions—the workers' major instrument of defense—fail to perform this task. They function instead, he argues, to strengthen the system of domination. It is Aronowitz's analysis of the history and growth of trade unionism that will undoubtedly be the most controversial part of his book. Unions, he states, have "evolved into a force for integrating the workers into the corporate capitalist system." The labor contract provides the employer with a stable and disciplined labor force. The contract establishes a grievance procedure that takes control away from the worker on the shop floor, and it becomes "the principal instrument of the class collaboration between the trade unions and the corporations." Unionism is described as an appendage of the corporations, as a "vital institution in the corporate capitalist complex."

Even when unions do fight the attempts of business to put the burden of recession on the working class, their temporary militancy does not signify an end to institutional conservatism. Unions simply cannot break out of the "quantitative economic terms framed by the leadership." Even the CIO, regarded by so many on the Left as the major example of working-class victory in the 1930s, is described as part of "the development of state capitalist forms during the New Deal."

Aronowitz is not arguing that the labor leadership sold out the rank and file. Rather, he claims that bureaucracy and conservative politics are inherent in collective bargaining itself. Wages, inflation and other economic conditions, he insists, cannot be the principal issues for a new social movement. "No matter how inequitable the distribution of income, no matter how deep the crisis, these conditions will never, by themselves, be the soil for revolutionary consciousness." That consciousness arises only out of "condition of alienated labor," whose effects are felt both at the point of production and throughout the social, cultural, political realm.

On whom does the blame rest, then, for the failure of the working class to advance toward socialism? Strangely, Aronowitz seems to answer that the blame lies with the workers themselves. They joined unions to seek a share in the expansion of American capitalism, not to bring about its downfall. To desire the latter, workers must

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THE SAPSUCKER

Between the head thrown back
And the sap
Locked in a
Limb

There is a narrow moment,
The silence sifting
Its pure flour

White sky in the pinch
Of an hourglass.

Among the disheveled elms
And bowed ash

The yellow hammer makes its
Small repairs.

Thomas Johnson

first believe that they can achieve autonomy over their own lives. A consciousness which demands liberation of society from capitalist social relations, however, demands a movement freed "from the institutions which direct its power into bargaining," and which evolves instead "toward workers' control."

Perhaps that is why Aronowitz writes so favorably about the Industrial Workers of the World. Unfortunately, his discussion contributes to the traditional Left romanticism about the heroic Wobblies. He regards them as heroes with a "revolutionary ideology" who "abhorred collective bargaining," and as a group "prepared to employ any means necessary to achieve the goals of the class war." He chides AFL leaders for attacking them as vagabonds and bums, and he mentions that even the Socialists stood aloof and "remained part of the traditional labor movement."

His readers will not learn that while the IWW may have fought with great spirit, it was precisely because they did not seek union recognition through contracts that their members had no protection after returning to work at the end of a strike, so that the situation in the factories soon returned to normal. Workers, moreover, only turned to the IWW in times of crisis. And contrary to the IWW rhetoric that Aronowitz seems to accept at face value, the organization was most effective when it functioned like any other capitalist trade union, seeking only to help workers win victories on their own limited terms.

The IWW's failure, James Weinstein has pointed out, was that "it provided no alternative to AFL trade unionism other than the idea of industrial, as opposed to craft, organization." It provided "no form of organization that allowed for a sustained relationship between the union and the workers in any industry." Its members thought that revolution would come about simply by waging a fight for the immediate interests of workers as workers. The IWW's eschewing of politics was a weakness, not a strength, as Aronowitz would have it. What the workers learned from the IWW was that it was practical to avoid unions whose purpose went beyond the winning of immediate demands.

Just as the IWW failed to resolve the contradiction between revolutionary theory and traditional trade union practice, Aronowitz gets bogged down when he fails to propose any meaningful alternatives to unionism. He remains unimpressed with the emergence of new leadership in old established unions, including Miners for Democracy. To the coal miner who asks for an honest union that can fight to regain what had been a favorable position, Aronowitz answers that it is his responsibility to ask for the impossible. A true social movement, he argues, has to "deal with the larger question of whether or not coal mining is literally viable as a way to make a living." To the miner concerned with just that mundane problem, a demand for abolition of coal as a source of energy hardly seems feasible as an alternative—let alone as a means of developing revolutionary consciousness.

What Aronowitz hopes is that a new generation of young workers will wage a cultural revolt "as the direct antagonist of the collective capitalist." These workers, he feels, have partially transcended ethnicity, are far removed from the dictates of economic scarcity, and have partially understood that consumerism has not overcome alienated labor. They are not "willing to spend their lives in unremitting labor in exchange for high levels of consumption."

What Aronowitz demands is nothing less than creation of a "new working class 'public,' " a group that "participates in public life in accordance with its self-conscious interests." In contrast to the numerous but politically impotent Left sects, he rejects "vanguard" parties and politics. The Left, he modestly notes, should exist only to "help create a movement that prefigures a nonauthoritarian society."

Despite the ambiguities and contradictions in many of Aronowitz's arguments, and his failure to carefully think through some of his more startling positions, his book does provide a theoretical framework for evolution toward the goal of liberation. It is true to the Marxist tradition, yet it transcends a narrow economism and by-passes commitment to obsolete orthodoxies. It exemplifies a penetrating revolutionary critique and suggests possibilities for the emergence of a true social movement, at a time when most organs of opinion have denied those possibilities and proclaimed the death of the New Left. The author ends by asking that as we seek to discover the roots of revolt, we face up "to the obstacles presented by the social order." He succeeds admirably in that difficult task. In doing so, Stanley Aronowitz has written what is perhaps one of the most challenging works of contemporary social criticism. □

MUSIC

RICHARD DYER

Music, audiences have always known, is various but intense and certain in its effects. Composers and performers have felt equally certain about its causes: they know just what to do to make the sounds they want, sounds that will create the precise effects they want. But much about cause and effect, and about that peculiar leap between them, remains a mystery. Music, like the other arts, is a muddle of certainties and mysteries, and everyone has his own ideas about which is what.

It was to this muddle around music that Leonard Bernstein addressed his six 1973 Norton Lectures at Harvard. He drew his title from Ives's "The Unanswered Question." That enigmatic little masterpiece abides our inquiries because in one crucial sense the unanswered question is also unasked, because it is not verbalized.

Bernstein identified the question as "Whither music in our time?" which led to the further question, "Whence music in our time?" This, in turn, led to a whole complex of other questions: Is there a worldwide, inborn, innate musical grammar which is comparable to the "competence" posited by the Chomskian school of linguists? Are the transformations we can hear in music comparable to the subconscious transformations between deep and surface struc-

For the balance of the 1973-74 season, David Hamilton will be the guest music critic on *The New Yorker*. During that period his place on *The Nation* will be filled by Richard Dyer, whose regular contributions as musical correspondent for the *Boston Globe* have made him one of the most influential music critics in the Boston area. *Editors*

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ture in language and to the conscious manipulations of language that can turn information into art? If valid analogies of that sort exist, if there is in fact a music-linguistics, can they tell us anything useful about listening to music or about reading literature? Can they illuminate the "crisis of art" in our century and show us the way out?

The answer to all of these questions, Bernstein says, is "yes," and to substantiate that affirmation he supplied sixteen hours of reason, chatter and musical example—at the piano, in that reassuringly unmusical voice, on lantern slides and in expensive, ugly movies of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Both to the questions and the multi-purpose answer Bernstein brought his unusual, indeed unique, credentials—those of performer, composer, manipulator of media, teacher, talker, fan and, for thirty years now, his position as national natural resource. He is certainly the only Norton lecturer to quote both Ed Wynn and Roland Barthes: however far insight and inquiry lead him, Bernstein, like the kinds of art he most admires, remains instantly accessible, rooted, to use the Keats phrase he repeatedly cited, in the "poetry of earth." In all of his endeavors Bernstein's greatest gift, though, is that he simply will not be, cannot be, embarrassed. It is a cliché that music is the language of feeling, and over the years Bernstein has showed us how far one can see feelingly, and that there is nothing wrong with that. His manner and his perceptions show us there need be nothing precious or unmanly about simply saying, when it is true, "Now listen carefully: this is divine."

But "I have felt" is only one kind of response, and one that grows irritating with iteration. And the disturbing thing about the Norton Lectures was Bernstein's persistent failure to *think* clearly and consecutively—and his evident failure to be embarrassed about that too. He said in a press conference that it was his hope that the lectures would take shape as they went along, but in fact they never did—in the most basic ways it was often impossible to tell what the lectures were about.

Perhaps in response to informed queries and objections, Bernstein dropped his linguistic investigations midway. His probings were provocative, but his information and his use of information were inexact and confusing. In linguistic matters he revealed himself as what Samuel Johnson called an "index-scholar," deep-learned but shallow-read. Even his reasons for undertaking such an inquiry were uncertain. At points he argued that his linguistic approach shed new light on music and that his musical analyses could illuminate poetry. But they didn't very often. Early on, for example, Bernstein played around with Wagner's "Fate" *leitmotiv* from the *Ring*. The tune was the "noun," the self-naming entity, the harmony the "grammatical modifier" (different harmonic colorations provided at the piano brought us "cruel," "kind" and "tricky" fate), the rhythm the verb-function (Bernstein made cruel fate waltz for us). Later, Bernstein conflated his terms when talking about a passage from *Petrouchka* in which a variety of "nouns" dance above the unchanging "adjective" of an ostinato accompaniment (this procedure he called "zeugma," of course). The difficulty of this way of talking is that it works at best for only two centuries of music, and like all of Bernstein's observations it suffered from his apparent identification of the two most recent centuries of Western music with music itself.

At other points he argued that all of this was simply to make the functioning of music much clearer to those who "don't know a stretto from a diminished fifth." Speaking of the first few measures of the *Tristan* prelude, he pointed out that all twelve tones of the chromatic series appear at least once, but the four that predominate, in that they appear more than twice, happen to form the slippery diminished seventh chord. Condescendingly Bernstein went on to remark, "Don't fret; I'm not going to explain that." In fact, the language of harmonic analysis—which is what most laymen find intimidating about musical discourse—can be rapidly learned by anyone who knows the alphabet to g, can count to twelve, and can hear intervals, and Bernstein's comment was considerably clearer than his earlier observation that the opening phrase of Berlioz's *Romeo Alone* with the fourth stretched to a minor sixth becomes the opening of that *Tristan* prelude, "a phenomenon of transformational grammar, in the most Chomskian sense, where one surface-structure, namely Berlioz's, has become the deep-structure of another surface-structure, namely Wagner's . . . we might say that *Tristan and Isolde* is a giant metaphor of *Romeo and Juliet*." Reverberant, yes, but the reverberations come from empty spaces.

The middle section of the lectures dwelt on analogies between the procedures of music and of poetry. Bernstein talked extensively about metaphor, but his definition was so capacious —metaphor was "all forms of poetic transformations"—that it was not useful and it was difficult to see, for example, how the third and fourth measures of the opening of Brahms's Fourth Symphony were illuminated by being called a "metaphor" for the first two because of the repetitions and inversions. Even when Bernstein was more specific he was unhelpfully unrigorous, as in his comments on "alliteration," the repeated notes in, say, a theme in the opening movement of the Franck D-Minor Symphony. Alliteration in poetry—at least in English poetry since the Renaissance—of course, calls attention to, reinforces, effects established by other means—a fact Bernstein didn't note, and one that resists musical analogy.

Bernstein then gave up on this too, closing with a pair of lectures on Schoenberg and Stravinsky. Schoenberg accelerated the crisis of the 20th century by carrying earlier procedures to their logical and necessary conclusion; while Stravinsky, mostly remaining close to tonality (the "poetry of earth"—Bernstein believes we are innately programmed to respond to the harmonic implications of the overtone series), shows us a way out. Much in Bernstein's discussion of Stravinsky's work was illuminating, particularly his analysis of the disparity between verbal and musical content in two of the masterpieces, *Oedipus Rex* and the *Symphony of Psalms*. But poor Schoenberg got

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mauled about—his views were not accurately stated, and his music was described as being most moving when it is most uncharacteristic (when it "yearns" toward tonality). This point was illustrated chiefly by the passage quoting the Bach chorale in the *Berg* Violin Concerto.

This intellectual irresponsibility kept cropping up everywhere. Bernstein threw himself at literary history with untidy abandon (Pound, Amy Lowell and Maxwell Bodenheim were the "children" of Whitman and Crane; Tennyson and Swinburne were the exemplars of "Romantic excess"); sometimes his examples didn't prove what they were meant to prove; sometimes Bernstein forgot from one lecture to another what he had said. In the opening session, for example, he found the same tune, or four-note motive, in Bach, Stravinsky, the Copland Piano Variations, Ravel and some of the Uday Shan-Kar dance music—disparate contexts, disparate "meanings." By the closing lecture, Bernstein had found another four-note motive common to *Oedipus Rex* and *Aïda*, both works, Bernstein said, about "power and pity," the four notes coming from some "communality of universality." But he failed to observe that the same motive turns up also in "Chloe proves false," the finale of the Mozart E-flat piano concerto K. 271, the *Academic Festival Overture*, *An American in Paris*, and *You and the Night and the Music*, none of them pieces about "power and pity" (and does the inversion—which crops up in the *Nutcracker*—signify the "communality of universality" of impotence and ruthlessness?).

Many listeners turned from this sort of thing with relief to Bernstein's purely musical analyses, and indeed he had many arresting things to say about Beethoven's *Pastoral* symphony, about *Oedipus Rex*, about the Berg Violin Concerto. Speaking of the Mozart G-Minor Symphony and the linguistic phenomenon of deletion, Bernstein provided a horrid and amusing example of what would have been the result of complete symmetry in that work, showing the ways that the wit of Mozart depends on playing with our expectations of, and demands for, balance.

But often even here Bernstein's method was disquieting, for he kept giving way to self-indulgence and vulgarity. The analysis of the Mahler Ninth Symphony, for example, was sheer autobiographical fantasy: "almost too dreadful to hear," the piece is presided over by the angel of death—Mahler's own death (we can hear his failing heartbeat), the death of tonality, the death of "post-Faustian culture," even planetary death—and represents a "programmatic vacillation" between Eastern and Western forms of prayer. Elsewhere Bernstein repeatedly fell into what can only be described as a randy verbal Disneyfication of music—harmonies "sneak up" on each other, tonalities are "foiled," melodies "tease" and "flirt," words and music "visibly copulate."

And, to judge from the ready applause and readier laughter, it was chiefly from this sort of thing that many of the 1,650 people who crowded the Harvard Square Theatre felt they were acquiring musical "understanding."

Some few, though, regretted that Bernstein exhibited no such fineness of scruple as Igor Stravinsky did in beginning *his* Norton Lectures when he said, "I should feel I were betraying music if I made it the subject of a dissertation hastily thrown together, sprinkled with anecdotes and amusing digressions." Others were fascinated by Bernstein's merry, messy reapportionment of muddle, mystery and certainty, and felt that from his lectern-Pisgah he was bringing us a lurch closer to an elegant, powerful, simple universal-field musico-linguistic aesthetics. Another view from that eminence, of course, is of an unfinished tower, at Babel. □

THEATRE

HENRY POPKIN

What kind of revolution are we going to have in 1976? Every sort of inducement is being offered to encourage dramatists to interpret the American Revolution in that bicentenary year. And how will they do it? Surely no one will suggest that our Revolution was a terrible mistake, but will each of our nation's fathers have his halo firmly attached? Will it be necessary to insist that all subsequent revolutions have been superfluous? Ideology apart, how true will the playwrights be to history? Fortunately, the first harbinger of the revolutionary tide is here to aid us in our speculations. (The stage musical of a few years ago, *1776*, does not count, and not only because it was premature. That pleasant confection tells how a document, the Declaration of Independence, was written, not how a revolution was made.)

Henry Popkin is a professor of English at the State University of New York, Buffalo, and a regular contributor to The London Financial Times *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

The first revolutionary drama is in the field, or, to be more exact, it rapidly got in and out of the field. It was *The American Revolution: Part One*, directed by Paul Sills, written by Sills and Arnold Weinstein, and enlivened by the improvisations of the actors who performed it at Ford's Theatre in Washington. True to the spirit of improvisation, Weinstein, who is best known as a dramatist, joined the acting company, which included many skilled improvisers, some of them veterans of Sills's Second City Theatre in Chicago and his Story Theatre. Sills's grand plan is to stage three plays about the Revolution and have them ready in time for 1976. I would be surprised to hear that the cool reception of *Part One* affected this strategy.

The prominence of improvisation in Sills's method follows a trend; other nations in recent years have been celebrating their revolutions on the stage, and improvisation has played a great part in their endeavors. In Paris, *1789* and *1793* were directed by Ariane Mnouchkine, but no author's name was attached to them, presumably because the actors, all of whom were said to have studied history, had collaboratively created the plays. At Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille, *1837*, which dealt with the Canadian uprising of that year, was directed by Paul Thompson and written by Rick Salutin but is abundantly indebted to improvisation by the actors. (In response to my question, Thompson told me he had not seen *1789*. I thought I had been barking up the wrong tree—until he added that Salutin had seen it.)

Ultimately, all of these plays go back to Bertolt Brecht's rediscovery of the historical drama and to those documentary dramas by Rolf Hochhuth, Peter Weiss and others that are published with long scholarly appendices, as if no character can speak a line without the support of a historical footnote. Like Brecht's *Mother Courage*, *1789* and *1793* show the effect of history on little people. If Sills's *Part One* is almost entirely occupied with big people, it is, in that respect, like practically every old-fashioned historical play ever written and, incidentally, like Brecht's *Galileo*. *1837* alternates between little people and big ones.

Every one of these plays lays claim to documentary authenticity. In the published texts of *1789* and *1793*, authentic historical speeches are set in a special type; we have even been told what history books were read by the creators of these plays. Even so, *1789* distorts history, but with the excuse that it is dramatizing misconceptions popular at the time. If Cagliostro is represented as

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a power at the court and the pitiful Louis XVI is shown romping with his nonexistent mistresses, it can be pleaded that these were the delusions of the misinformed citizens of France. *1793* is bolder in its distortions, and has no excuse for them except the desire to prove the *sans-culottes* right on every issue. (I wrote about this matter at some length in *Encounter*; December 1972.) *1837* sticks to the truth about its great people, vividly representing the eccentricity of the revolutionary leader, William Lyon Mackenzie. Its little people are likely to be composites, even when we think an authentic journal is being dramatized.

The American Revolution: Part One generally gets its facts right, but when necessary it can distort history as freely as any French revolutionary drama. One example is the Boston Massacre, a central incident in Sills's exclusively Bostonian account of the origins of the Revolution. He rightly sees a parallel with the shooting at Kent State, but he has a problem: how, without being counterrevolutionary, can he inform us that the British looked much better in regard to the massacre than our government did at Kent State? One victim of the massacre lingered for a few days, long enough to defend the soldiers' firing on the mob; nevertheless, every one of the soldiers was immediately imprisoned. At their trial, they were defended by John Adams, who is a character in the play but not in this connection; two were found guilty of manslaughter. Sills omits these troubling details and gives us instead Joseph Warren's memorial address on the Boston martyrs. No doubt about it, writing a patriotic historical play is hard work, if you take history seriously.

Why do the new revolutionary plays bring out the improviser in every actor? Because, I suspect, the director knows that he can count on a favorable attitude toward his revolution and therefore permits each actor to do what comes naturally: "This is your revolution. Throw yourself into it!" The French motivation was more contemporary. I assume that *1789* was so vivid, its ardor so deeply felt and so contagious, because it was wish-fulfillment—an imaginative enactment of what might have happened in 1968 had the rebels of that year refused to submit to a plebiscite. *(1789* was all the more immediate because it thrust its audience into the middle of the action. The spectators were compelled to throw themselves into it, even to improvise their getaways so as to avoid being trampled by the actors.)

Sills's improvisers are too obviously bent on entertaining us. At the Second City, they poked innocent fun at the foibles of the Kennedy administration. Later on, they charmingly enacted the tales of the Brothers Grimm and of Ovid. In *The American Revolution: Part One*, they are as charming and innocent as ever. Their most typical moment comes when John Hancock signs his name in a great ostentatious flourish, getting his big laugh even before Sam Adams has a chance to observe: "That's a very fancy signature."

The real revolutionary dramas are still ahead of us. We still have three long years to go. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I had planned to skip *The Exorcist*, since it seemed to me that a case of Satanic possession, alleged to have occurred recently in Washington's high-style Georgetown, raised a problem I could do without at this point in time. However, the film has become a national Yo-Yo craze: at the moment, it is showing in four of New York's first-run houses, with crowds two and three blocks long lining up patiently in the bitter weather; and people have been appearing on national TV news programs to boast that they fainted, vomited or otherwise disported themselves in the course of the devilish proceedings. It looks as though the very expensive picture ($10 million is the figure being bandied about) will be one of the industry's top grossers, and I decided I had better have a look.

The fact is that *The Exorcist*, made from William Peter Blatty's sub-literary bestseller of a few months ago (and now produced by him for the screen) is an exceedingly well-made bad picture. It invokes snobbish admiration of people rich enough to own a Mercedes and a butler, it denigrates medicine and psychiatry, it involves the Catholic Church in mumbo jumbo and, by grotesque make-up and camera trickery that is both slick and obvious, it turns a 12-year-old girl into a spectacle of loathsome ugliness for the sole purpose of mindless entertainment. It should be scorned, and when it opened every critic I read did indeed scorn it.

There remains the question of the audience. The film's thesis is that, when a person's body is invaded by the Devil, science is helpless to deal with the situation. Very likely. The person so seized is endowed with superhuman powers, being able to speak in a multitude of voices and a variety of tongues; to read

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minds; to crack walls, hurl furniture and desecrate holy images by extra-physical means; to levitate and to rotate his or her head in a full circle (this last attribute, of which I'd read in the annals of demonology but never hoped to witness, does produce a stunning effect; it evoked by far the strongest audience response, far exceeding that produced by the Old One's disposition to regurgitate a viscous green plastic and recite the obscenities of the day). Meanwhile, the body of the victim becomes covered with sores, scabs and lacerations and her face is transformed into a mask of diabolical (naturally) hatred. However, if you examine her belly, you will find there a row of welts, pathetically spelling out the message, "Help me!"

In a situation like that what you want is a couple of intrepid priests who, armed with Bibles, vestments and holy water, will engage the Devil in mortal combat. For the Georgetown exorcism, the witch doctors chosen by the Church authorities are a stylish pair: one of them (Max von Sydow) is an elderly archaeologist with a bad heart who specializes in digging up the pre-Christian cities of the Near East, and who has found there disturbing evidence of ancient black magic; the other (Jason Miller) is a former prize fighter, whose faith in the Almighty has been unsettled by graduate study in psychiatry at "Harvard, Johns Hopkins and other places like that." These two selfless clerics lay down their lives to purge little Regan (Linda Blair) of her terrible intruder. The Devil takes lodgings in the younger priest, who instantly defenestrates. Where the archfiend goes then is not stated, but I assume that, like Professor Moriarty, he will show up for the sequel.

If there had been movies 500 years ago, I can imagine that *The Exorcist* would have made an impression on the public that might have gratified Savonarola. But in some ways we do advance; very few people today believe in a fiery Hell down a hole halfway between Chicago and New Delhi, and the number who think that the Devil will jump down the throats of little girls would not crowd a closet, let alone a theatre. So why is the nation submitting itself to this exercise in unpleasant flummery? Seated behind me in the audience was a gaggle of high-school girls who began to scream the moment the lights went down and one or another of whom announced that she was about to faint at intervals thereafter. This, obviously, was the roller-coaster reaction—you can always find people, usually young and addicted to popcorn, who enjoy being scared out of their wits and are willing to pay for the privilege. But there have been other roller coasters on the screen recently and, though most of them have done well, they have not caused stampedes.

Part of the answer to the puzzle is that supernatural phenomena have been enjoying a vogue for the past ten years or so. We are the cheated descendants of the Enlightenment, susceptible to the suggestion that reason is a weak reed. ESP enjoys respectability, youthful messiahs from the Mysterious East do a brisk business in moral placebos and only a few weeks ago a fellow from Central Europe was astounding otherwise sober Londoners by his ability to bend keys, break jewelry and perform similar useful services by the power of thought alone. Science has taught us almost everything we need to know, except how to be virtuous and happy. Thus we are moved to hobnob with the supernatural again, and of course if you call upon God when you're in a tight fix, you must reckon with getting the Devil instead. Every gamble involves a risk.

Aside from that, we are surrounded today by wickedness of a miserably savorless kind. The decline in the standards of civic virtue (which is by no means an exclusively American trend) is both frightening and boring; your contemporary liar and cheat is devoid of both style and imagination. It may be a relief, then, to indulge in the fantasy that supreme evil—melodramatic, endlessly shocking, utterly without cause and subject to no natural defense—can be encountered in enviably luxurious surroundings. We may scream and faint to our heart's content, and are not called upon to do more, because the Devil is both invincible and nonexistent.

Finally, the new tolerance of explicit sexuality has given scope to a kind of perverse violence for which there seems to be a considerable appetite. It used to be said that, if the censors would let up on sex, sadism would fade from the screen. Instead, we have been getting ever larger doses of sadism, combined with overt or covert sex, which is what that game is really about.

There is no overt sex (bar the verbal clichés) in *The Exorcist*, but it is nevertheless a highly erotic film of a markedly degrading sort. Imagine, that great hairy Devil right inside the body of that nice young girl, making her bed bounce, stimulating her to throw herself around in agonized frenzy, to kick a well-meaning psychiatrist in the groin, to bloody herself with a crucifix, to stick out her tongue in lubricious contortions and utter all manner of unclean epithets in a rasping male voice. Sex, as anyone could have foretold, turns out to be a poor spectator sport (voyeurism is the most pathetic of manias) and the film makers must ring ever more extreme changes on it to keep the subject lively. So now we are given this twaddle about possession, and a predominantly youthful public flocks to the theatres to squeal and squirm. It takes more than an ounce of civet, these days, to sweeten the imagination. □

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Always
the really important things
are taking place somewhere
down a mousehole.

Andrew Glaze

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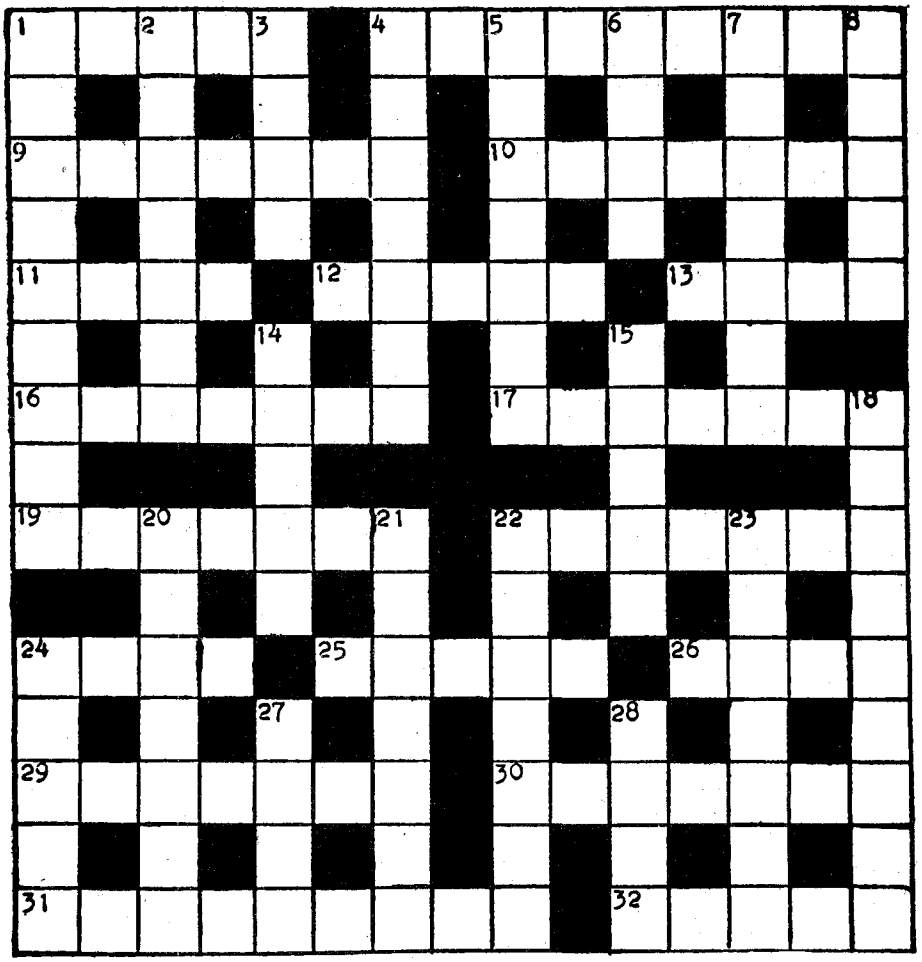

ACROSS

1 and 4 That of Reynolds or Wharton might also have been called "The Green Years." (3,2,9)
9 Supposedly good when someone helps you out of the business quarters. (7)
10 A mouse might be by a cat, and no wonder! (7)
11 Pleasant French vacation spot. (4)
13 One who draws from the bank? (4)
16 Throw away the container for the soup one drinks. (4-3)
17 Interlocks with a ring? (7)
19 At one, when all together? (7)
22 Wise and beautiful, she creates a sort of apathy about one. (7)
24 A sexless 21 might be this. (4)
25 The palm might go on the bottom if you do. (5)
26 and 3 down It's not only the orientals who like to give surface protection. (4,4)
29 Nothing in the list of names suggests one whose cockiness is obvious. (7)
30 Work it back silently, to get best results.
31 and 12 across One of two traditional working groups typified by seascape artists? (7,2,5)
32 Lange was not exactly a physician. (5)

DOWN

1 and 24 down There's an envelope of some atmosphere here, but it took between 11 and 12 weeks as a novel undertaking. (6,3,5)
2 Results in getting personal property. (7)
3 See 26 across.
4 Current in the struggle against anti-Semitism. (7)
5 Presently at this spot, or alternatively not to be found? (7)
6 Remedial treatment for the parish priest?
7 Spreading rumors? Not at all, I confess!
8 and 18 One would hardly be new to the political scene. (5,9)
14 Talk about public relations—at least one branch! (5)
15 With an expression of utmost astonishment, one finds brotherly love! (5)
18 See 8 down.
20 Her opening scene is famous. (7)
21 Ships out. (7)
22 What the quarterback sometimes does used to be the sign of a thief. (4-3)
23 A chopped-up tree under the old method of transport might prove a hindrance.
24 See 1 down.
27 Somewhat of an eye-sore. (4)
28 The place for play loses its final point for man without woman. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1522

ACROSS: 8 Jack-of-all-trades; 9 Skater; 10 Sanctify; 11 Arch; 13 Noel Coward; 15 Sutured; 16 Mislays; 19 Idle wheels; 21 Echo; 22 Button up; 24 Radium; 26 Bigger and better. DOWN: 1 Background music; 2 Skit; 4 Glasses; 5 Ethnic; 6 Part; 7 Geoffrey Chaucer; 12 and 3 House of Orange; 14 Wilde; 17 Inscribe; 18 Helping; 20 Honors; 23 Tags; 25 Date.

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And what's best
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